THE JEWISH WOMEN'S MAGAZINE

Lilith

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ISSUE # 9

Can an Orthodox Woman Champion Feminism?

PLUS: New Egalitarian Hagada

The Women's Gallery

China

Photographer Marilynne Herbert

Photojournalist and social activist Marilynne Herbert has made a courageous career of photographing difficult—and sometimes unlikely—subjects. Her lens has captured women's political campaigns (including those of Bella Abzug); the faces of China; city windows and the people who live behind them; and, most recently, blacks living in South Africa's "homelands," where she has just spent a month recording the lives in these beleaguered communities.

"The Forgotten People," her photographs of New York City's homeless women and men, is now on exhibit in Washington DC, after showing in New York last year. Many of the pieces in this one-woman show (selections of which appear above) are based on Marilynne Herbert's own volunteer work at The Dwelling Place, a New York City shelter for homeless women. A new collection, "Portraits of Ordinary People," opens at the Pindar Gallery in SoHo in April.

Herbert's news photographs appear regularly in *The New York Times* and elsewhere. Her photo coverage of the Jean Harris murder trial in Westchester last year got nationwide exposure, and a remarkably sympathetic Herbert photograph of Harris appeared on the cover of Diana Trilling's book on the trial.

An amateur photographer since her teens, Herbert began to take pictures as a professional five years ago, after many years as a community activist in New York's Westchester County.

Ida Julia Lee, Stratford Arms Hotel

Port Authority 2 AM

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THE PREPARED TABLE·

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Beyond "Woman of Valor": How an Orthodox Woman Evolved into a Fervent Feminist

by Blu Greenberg

Starting out as a young woman steeped in the Jewish tradition and happy with her prescribed role in the family and community, the author gradually became conscious of various inequities in Jewish practice. Over a period of 20 years, she slowly began to perceive how they fell into a pattern. As she confronted this reality, she was forced to face her own fears and conflicts—and those of the Orthodox community she is a part of.

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An Egalitarian Hagada

A special pull-out-and-save section

By Aviva Cantor

Over the past decade, women have been holding feminist seders and have drawn strength and inspiration from joining in such ceremonies that focus on and celebrate our experiences. Now the time has come to share these insights with a wider audience, and to make them an integral part of the Passover ceremony. The nonsexist and egalitarian hagada in this special section incorporates stories and poetry by and about women—as well as other passages and poems translated from Hebrew and Yiddish—about the Holocaust and Resistance, Israel, Soviet Jewry, and struggles for justice into the traditional narrative of the Seder.

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Reviews

Johanna Kaplan's prize-winning novel *O My America!* and the CBS-TV drama "The Wall" about the Warsaw Ghetto, based on John Hersey's novel.

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Gerta

A short story by Maxine Schur

The scene is Berlin under the Nazis. Gerta has two counts against her: she is mentally disabled—and she is Jewish. She is also unprotected....

Cover photo by Marilynne Herbert

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LILITH welcomes articles, fiction, poetry, biography, drama, children's stories, criticism, photos and original art work. Please include one-sentence biographical identification, address and phone number. Manuscripts must be typed, double spaced, on one side of the page. Complete guidelines are available on request; enclose SASE. For acknowledgement of receipt, please enclose a stamped self-addressed postcard. For return of manuscripts, enclose an SASE LILITH Publications, Inc., 250 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019.

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THE PREPARED TABLE *(the Shulchan Aruch)* is the authoritative code of Jewish behavior according to *halacha* (law). As Jewish feminists continue to rediscover and rework Jewish practice, the Contents of *LILITH* may serve as an evolving Prepared Table for a new code of behavior.

LILITH is named for the legendary predecessor of Eve who insisted on equality with Adam. After the Holy One created the first human being, Adam, He created a woman, also from the earth, and called her "Lilith." Adam said, "You are fit to be below me and I above you." Lilith said, "We are equal because we both come from the earth." (FROM *THE ALPHABET OF BEN SIRA, 23A-B)*

From the Editors

As everyone who reads the newspapers must know by now, non-profit corporations—such as LILITH—can no longer mail periodicals or notices to subscribers at the previously reasonable, subsidized rates. This issue of LILITH costs us nearly twice as much to mail to you as the last one did. We therefore ask our subscribers: Please renew as soon as you get your *first* renewal invoice. Prohibitive postal costs prevent us from sending multiple renewal reminders, and make it impossible to send you copies of the magazine after your subscription has expired.

During the past ten years or so, numerous groups and individuals have created "alternative" hagadas for the Passover seder. The motive behind most of these was to create a bridge between the happy memories of traditional seders past and our need for material that speaks to us in our own words, of our own deepest concerns and struggles. Some of these new hagadas, including one distributed by LILITH last year, described themselves as feminist and focused specifically on women's struggles for liberation.

The practical problem with so many of these hagadas is that they are designed primarily for use by groups of like-minded people, and have sometimes proved awkward in more heterogeneous settings. Thus many of us would come to "mixed" Passover seders armed with half a dozen such hagadas, plus the traditional one, and try to work out some way of incorporating passages from one or more of these hagadas into the seder.

After doing this for many years ourselves, we felt a real need for an "integrated" hagada. The result is Aviva Cantor's hagada, on pages 9-24—a complete text for the Passover seder. This hagada, we hope, is one that can be used by gatherings mixed in generation and gender, as well as by groups of people united in a particular struggle.

It is, first of all, non-sexist in language (except in the Hebrew God-language) and egalitarian in content, incorporating new insights into the roles women played in the liberation from Egypt. Second, the story of Passover is treated both as a historical experience unique to the Jewish people and as a model for all struggles for liberation, including women's.

As with all seders, participants should feel free to "pass over" content that does not speak to them, and to add their own words. For, as the hagada itself says: "Whoever has more to add about the story of Passover, *ha-ray zeh me-shoo-bach* (deserves praise from all of us)."

By ancient Jewish tradition, Passover is the beginning to the new year (don't be confused; there were traditionally *three* different beginnings to the year). So we wish you all a happy new year, happy new season, happy Pesach.

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The staff and Advisory Board of
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extend their condolences to the
families of the late
EVA SCHOCKEN GLASER
president of Schocken Books*
and a benefactor of LILITH Magazine.

*see Tsena-Rena, page 31.

Lines of Communication

Coping with Copenhagen

Dear LILITH Editors:

The article on Copenhagen was of particular interest to me. I was there, officially representing B'nai B'rith Women (not listed by your reporter as being in attendance) at the Forum, and the Coordinating Board of Jewish Organizations at the official UN Conference. I was one of the conveners of the Jewish Women's Caucus, actually chaired its first meeting, and am one of the three American representatives on the Steering Committee which attempted to coordinate the activities of the Jewish women, to insure coverage of critical sessions and committee meetings and to act as a clearing house. I was present at some of the events described in the article and at equally frightening and disturbing sessions not described.

The article is to a great extent, quite accurate. However, even though most of us were traumatized, shocked, and at times, even frightened, not too many of us resorted to tears, nor did we falter when speaking about the Conference. To the contrary, most of us determined to make sure that the Jewish community at least, and to some extent the Christian community (who were receiving a different kind of report) learned about the events at Copenhagen, the anti-Israel and anti-American attacks, the weaknesses and the bias exhibited in UN practices and by UN employees, some of which we knew but which were highlighted in Copenhagen, etc. Therefore, many of us spent many months after our return speaking to various groups, Jewish and non-Jewish, writing reports, articles, etc.

We are also determined to be better prepared for the next UN World Conference, currently tentatively scheduled for 1985 in Nairobi. Some preparatory meetings have already been held, to plan strategy and prepare for that time. As Chair of the Jewish Women's Caucus, I have met with the Leadership Conference of National Jewish Women's Organizations and the Ad Hoc Task Force on the UN of the National Jewish Community Relations Council. We have formed a 3-part committee and are planning a program of outreach, education, support from the Jewish community (which we did not have to any great extent before), coordination of efforts, cooperation with other NGOs, etc. In addition, the Steering Committee of the Jewish Women's Caucus which operated in Copenhagen, has also been discussing and planning for a preliminary strategy meeting of this international committee,

again to be better prepared and more knowledgeable the next time, to have better and more material, to make contact and have more cooperation from non-Jewish sources in other countries.

It is a large order. Whether or not it is effective, it will at least be better than the feeble efforts prior to Copenhagen.

Betty Shapiro
Chair, Jewish Women's Caucus
Washington D.C.

Dear LILITH:

I just read the article on the UN Conference in Copenhagen, "Sisterhood is powerful unless you're Jewish..." (#8). I was very moved by the piece, especially since I had not had the opportunity to discuss my feelings with other feminists who attended. I was there as a journalist, and was staying with friends who lived in Copenhagen, and thus didn't socialize much with other Jewish feminists. Each night I would return to my friends' home and tell them about the conference, and even though one friend was an American Jewish woman, she couldn't believe the anti-Semitism was as rampant as I described.

• While we were in Copenhagen, the PLO bombed a bus taking Jewish children to camp in Belgium. The Israelis quickly called a press conference (after they were not allowed to speak in the official session). The PLO countered immediately with their own press conference...saying they did not take responsibility for the attacks as "they never attack outside the occupied territories." There were at least 20 American women in the room when this was said...but our fear was so great after 18 days of non-stop hate that no one said, what about Munich? What about Entebbe? Even the journalists dared not speak—or did they believe the PLO?

• I was conducting a radio interview with an American feminist who has researched the subject of sexual slavery. In answering why she brought the issue to the UN Conference, she said, "Just as women who have nothing to eat will never be free, and just as women whose homes are being bombed every night by Israeli planes will never be free until this stops, so women who are sexual slaves will not be free until we end their slavery..." I turned off my tape recorder and proceeded to do a bit of consciousness-raising on the spot, and she said, "Oh, I was just using the Palestinian woman as an example because I've been hearing it so much this week. You can just strike it out of the tape."

• The president of Bolivia was in Copenhagen at the conference, and it was nice to see that a few countries had women in high offices. However, while she was away, there was a coup in Bolivia and she wasn't even sure she could return to her country, and certainly not as president. In discussing the circumstances, one woman said, "the coup occurred because the American ambassador to Bolivia is Jewish."

Miriam Goodman
San Francisco CA

Dear LILITH:

I was especially moved by the Copenhagen article. But something about it troubled me. We're told that the author uses a pseudonym because the article is "controversial and painful." First of all, what on earth is controversial about pointing out anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism where it is rampant? *Of course* it's painful. But what is the author afraid of? There may be good reasons for the anonymity, but it makes you wonder, and it serves to undermine a lot of the legitimate anger of the piece.

William Novak
Somerville MA

LILITH welcomes letters to the editor from readers, both to share views on articles printed and to share experiences and information. Letters must include name and address but either or both of these can be omitted.

Kol Ishah

Judith A. Schwartz

Kol Ishah—"Woman's Voice." Traditionally, the voice of the Jewish woman was not be heard in public, lest it arouse men. No more. These pages are for news about Jewish women, usually in their own strong voices.

Anti-Choice and Anti-Semitic

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A California State Senator has been stripped of a committee chairmanship and fired from a state commission on women after describing abortion supporters as "bulldykes," "lesbians" and "murderous marauders" who are hard, Jewish and "arguably" female.

In an unusual disciplinary move, the Senate Rules Committee voted in Jan. to remove Republican Senator John G. Schmitz of Orange County from his posts as chair of the Constitutional Amendments Committee, vice-chair of the Industrial Relations Committee and member of the Commission on the Status of Women, largely because of the anti-Semitic remarks made in his press statement. In addition, the Rules Committee of the State Senate approved a resolution (Jan. 31, 1982) "deploring" these remarks, and "dissociating" the upper chamber from them, as well as from others charging that the Jewish community was "terrorizing everybody."

Schmitz is a long-time member of the John Birch Society and, in 1972, ran for president as a nominee of the American Independent Party.

—Annette Daum

Woman Cantor Barred in Baltimore

BALTIMORE, MD.—Members of the Cantors Association of Greater Baltimore, an organization of Orthodox and Conservative cantors with some Reform members, recently decided, by a one-vote margin, to maintain their all-male membership.

The issue was raised when Cantor Gail Hirschenfang, who assumed her duties at the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation last fall as the city's first woman cantor, submitted a membership application to the Association.

In response to the vote, the Baltimore Conference of Cantors, a new cantorial group, was organized, which will be open to women members and has already admitted Cantor Hirschenfang.

Hatch Lays Egg

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Billed as a "compromise amendment," *SJ* Resolution 110, introduced a few months ago by Senator Orrin Hatch (R. Utah) and now before the Senate Judiciary Committee states: "A right to abortion is not secured by this Constitution. The Congress and the several states have the concurrent power to restrict and prohibit abortions. Provided that a law of a State which is more restrictive than a law of Congress shall govern." The law would eliminate the Constitutional right to abortion for *all* women. No exceptions are provided for, *not even to save the life of the woman.* It is not a States' Rights Amendment, for Congress still maintains the right to pass federal legislation on this issue.

This is the first Constitutional amendment to be endorsed by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, who also do not view its passage as a compromise but rather as a first step in the campaign to eliminate all abortions. Should this amendment pass, the Catholic hierarchy intends to introduce, as its next step, a bill that would eliminate all abortions for all women that could be passed by a simple majority vote.

Anti-choice groups are not all enthusiastic about supporting this amendment, for many feel that, in principle, it does not go far enough.

Should this amendment fail to pass (it has already been passed by the Judiciary Committee's Sub-Committee on the Constitution) current plans call for consideration of the Human Life Statute (S. 158) which would, by a simple majority vote, by-pass the Constitutional amendment process and change the Constitutional definition of "person" to include a fetus. (See "The Jewish Stake in Abortion Rights," in *LILITH* #8).

—Annette Daum

Farm Workers Honor Jewish Woman

LOS ANGELES, CA.—*Nuestra Senora de La Paz.* A most improbable name for a *yahrzeit* ceremony. This is the headquarters of the United Farm Workers of America AFL-CIO in the Tehachapi mountains in central California, not far from Bakersfield.

Yet here a memorial candle from Israel flickered at sundown on January 25, 1982, before a "congregation" made up of Mexican and Filipino farm workers, Catholic and Protestant clergy, women religious, and assorted UFW staff members.

It was the tenth annual memorial service for Nan Freeman, 18 years old when she was killed on a UFW picket line in Florida before dawn on January 25, 1972.

(Continued on p. 31)

Books

How an Orthodox Woman Evolved Beyond "Woman of Valor" to Become a Fervent Feminist (Book Excerpt)

Women praying together by the Tel Aviv seashore, Rosh Hashanah, 1954. This moving photo by David Seymour (Magnum) was shown in "The Concerned Photographer" Exhibit, 1967.

By Blu Greenberg

I was born into a strongly traditional family. I knew my place and I liked it—the warmth, the rituals, the solid, tight parameters. I never gave a thought to what responsibilities I did or didn't have as a female growing up in the Orthodox Jewish community.

My friends and I shared the same world of expectation. I remember the year of the Bar Mitzvahs of our eighth-grade male friends. We girls sat up in the women's section of the synagogue and took great pride in "our boys." If we thought about ourselves at all, it was along the lines of "Thank God we are girls and don't have to go through this public ordeal." Quite remarkably, there never was any envy of what the boys were doing, never a thought of "why not us?"

My short-lived encounter with daily prayer ended when I graduated from a local yeshiva in Far Rockaway, New York, and had begun commuting to a girls' yeshiva high school in Brooklyn. This meant getting up an hour earlier to catch the 7:18 Long Island train, so prayer was the first thing to go. I had it down to a science: if I laid out my clothes in exactly the right order the night before, I could set the alarm for 6:52, get up, wash, dress, eat the hot breakfast without which my mother insisted a person could not face the world each day, and still have time to walk briskly to the train. Just as the train started to pull out, my friends who were attending the boys' yeshiva would come dashing down the platform and fling themselves onto the slowly moving train. I knew they had been up since six o'clock to allow enough time for *Shacharit*, the mandatory morning prayers. There they were, a little bleary-eyed, already spent at 7:18. I certainly didn't envy their more rigorous regimen.

I also relished the tale told about my cousin Tzvi, then thirteen. He was on his way from Seattle to the Telshe Yeshiva in Cleveland. It was a night flight, and because of a delay and the change of time zones, the plane was still in the air as it neared time for the morning devotions. A no-nonsense thirteen-year-old when it came to religious obligation, Tzvi went to the back of the plane, strapped on his *tefillin*, and began to pray. In the 1950's, it took a lot of guts to be so conspicuous; many Americans, especially in the West, genuinely believed that Jews had horns. The Northwest Airlines stewardess, however, was not one of them. She gently put her arm around Tzvi and said, "What's the matter, sonny, don't you think you're going to make it?" Aside from the humor, I was very proud of my cousin, one year my junior, but somehow I never related his experience in any way to my own religious life.

In the fifties, Orthodox Jews lived their lives with great fidelity to the *Halacha*, even as they tried to "pass" in the larger society. After all, why bring special attention to a particularist way of life? "Be a Jew at home, a man in the street" was the unspoken social principle. The revolution of the *kipah* is a case in point. In the fifties, this headcovering, incumbent upon every observant Jewish male, was still called by its Yiddish name, *yarmulka*—*kipah* is the Hebrew term—and [came only in] black rayon or silk, measuring a full handspan. One never saw a *kipah* bobbing down Fifth Avenue in the fifties. A hat or a cap was a bit more conspicuous in summer than in winter, but it wasn't all that outlandish.

The big test, however, came when the young men entered a public place—a theater, a movie house, a library. Unless it was a restaurant, most of the young Orthodox men of my acquaintance, even the rabbinical students, would go bareheaded for the short duration (something their sons would be horrified at today). In addition, there were all sorts of permutations and combinations—putting on one's *kipah* before saying a blessing over an ice cream soda and then removing it before eating, or waiting until the lights in the theater dimmed before slipping it on.

How did I relate to all this? With a sense of relief, for I didn't have to cope with the encumbrance of a *kipah* on top of the normal teen load of social self-consciousness. I can recall, in the early courtship with the man who was to become my husband, an occasional sensation of discomfort at the fact that he never removed his *kipah* in public places. Not to my cred-

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Blu Greenberg, a member of the Advisory Board of LILITH Magazine, authored "Women's Liberation and Jewish Law" (premiere issue) and "Jewish Divorce Law" (issue #3). This article is excerpted from her book, *Women and Judaism: A View from Tradition* (Phila.: Jewish Publication Society, 1981). © Copyright JPS 1981. Her next book, *How To Run an Orthodox Jewish Household*, will be published next year by Simon & Schuster.

it, I even remember one evening at the opera, of which I didn't hear a word, while I sat thinking the whole time, "Why can't he be more sensible, less conspicuous?"

I was glad to be off the hook as far as certain religious responsibilities were concerned. It never occurred to me that these were overt expressions of a religious stamina, a formal statement of what a young man stood for. And although there were no guarantees that this was for life—many a young man broke under the burdens of *kipah* and daily prayer—it was still a more demanding path than that charted for a young woman. The ever-so-subtle side message was that male Jews who passed the tests were a superior breed.

I had a fine Jewish education, the best a girl could have. My father always was more interested in my Hebrew studies than in my secular ones, and he studied with my sisters and me regularly. My mother, the more practical one, also encouraged my Hebrew studies. Having lived through the Depression, she believed that a Hebrew-teacher's license was like money in the bank—the best insurance a girl could buy. Why a Hebrew teacher? That was just about the highest career expectation for a Jewish educated female in the fifties. We were an achievement-oriented family, so along with our secular degrees, my sisters and I and most of our friends added another notch to our dowry belts, a Hebrew-teacher's license.

The fact that teaching Hebrew was a low-paying career didn't matter much. In the fifties, a young Jewish woman really didn't have to worry about earning a living. It was more a matter of waiting for Mr. Right to come along and take over where parental support left off. In her inner soul, perhaps, a young woman's anxieties were greater: she had to wait, somewhat passively, for a man to create a future for her, whereas a young man had a sense of holding the future in his hands. On the surface, however, I think it was easier to be a woman. The loads were neatly packaged, and the one marked "female" was lighter.

After my marriage in the late 1950's, my feelings of contentment and fulfillment were enhanced rather than diminished. The ways of a traditional Jewish woman suited me just fine. All those platitudes about building a faithful Jewish home were not nearly as pleasant as the real thing itself. Moreover, none of those obligations ruled out graduate studies and plans for a career. It was a time of peaceful coexistence between the traditional roles and the initial stirrings of self-actualization for women.

The religious role of a married woman was also perfect in my eyes. I found the clear division of labor, and its nonnegotiable quality, most satisfying. It never crossed my mind that experiencing certain *mitzvot* vicariously was anything less than the real thing. The real thing was for him to perform his *mitzvot* and for me to attend to mine. I wasn't looking for anything more than I had, certainly not in the way of religious obligations or rights. On those bitter cold Sabbath mornings I was absolutely delighted to linger an hour longer in a nice warm bed and play with the kids rather than have to brave the elements. I could choose to go to the synagogue when I wanted or pray at home when I wanted; for my husband there was no choice.

"Had I been a young man wanting to study intensively with a special rebbe, every encouragement would have been forthcoming."

The *mechitzah* separating men from women in the synagogue served to symbolize the dividing line. Not only did I not perceive the *mechitzah* to be a denigration of women in the synagogue, but I couldn't understand why some Jews felt that way. At some level, to me the *mechitzah* symbolized the ancient, natural, immutable order of male and female.

All of this is not to say that I lived a perfectly docile existence within the boundaries of this natural order. There were certain incidents that made me chafe at the outer limits, but these were isolated, sporadic, and unconnected. I did not see them as part of any meaningful pattern.

During my junior year in college, I studied in Israel for several months at a Hebrew teachers' institute. Nechama Leibowitz was my teacher for Bible. She was the most brilliant, exciting teacher I ever had, and she became an extraordinary model for me. As the time neared to return home, I decided that I wanted to take a year off from Brooklyn College where I had been enrolled and just study intensively with Nechama. She was then teaching at fifteen different places, from army camps to kibbutz seminars. My intention was to make Jerusalem my home base, follow Nechama to all the places she taught, and learn from her day and night. "Come home and finish college," said my parents. "You're crazy," said most of my friends. In the back of my mind, I guess I somehow knew that it wasn't the sort of thing a nice Orthodox Jewish girl would do. Not being assertive or terribly independent, I came home. I quietly knew that had I been a young man wanting to stay on and study intensively with a special Israeli rebbe, every encouragement would have been forthcoming.

Another incident that gave pause for thought was the *oyfruf* of my cousin Allan (this is the ceremony of calling up a bridegroom to read from the Torah in the synagogue on the Sabbath preceding the wedding). The *oyfruf* was to be held at a synagogue a mile from where we lived at the time. I was looking forward to the occasion because many of my relatives from Seattle, whom I hadn't seen for a long time, would be there. I had arranged for the baby-sitter to come at 9:30; my husband had left an hour earlier to catch the beginning of the services. The appointed hour passed, then 10:00, 10:30, and still no baby-sitter. At that time there was no *eruv* (a circumferential boundary that transforms the legal nature of property) in Manhattan that would have permitted me to push a carriage on the Sabbath; there was simply no way I could walk with an infant and a toddler to the synagogue, a mile away.

Though I couldn't put my frustration into any sort of framework, I had a vague feeling that above my own failure to make any contingency arrangements, there were some situations in which the demarcations brought me up short. If synagogue weren't a man's thing, I mentally pouted, then somehow it would have been I and not my husband at my cousin's *oyfruf*.

These and other incidents nevertheless were quietly put behind me. They didn't total up to anything, and they certainly were not enough to shake my equilibrium.

And then came feminism. In 1963, I read Betty Friedan's *Feminine Mystique*, still the classic text of the women's movement. I was a little intimidated by its force and had trouble with what seemed to me a portent of friction between the sexes, but the essential idea, equality of women, was exciting, mind-boggling, and very just. Still, correct or not, it didn't mean me, nor did it apply to women in Judaism. On that score I was defensive, resistant, and probably just plain frightened.

And yet...once I had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, there was no going back. Little by little, and with a good deal of prodding from my husband, I became sensitized to issues and situations that had previously made no impression on me. In place of blind acceptance, I

slowly began to ask questions, not really sure if I wanted to hear the answers. Because I was so satisfied, because I had no sense of injustice, some of the new thinking, including my own, came to me as a shock. Things that had run right past me before I now had to grab hold of, for a still moment, to examine under the white light of equality.

I began to think not just about the idea, but about myself as woman—in relation to people, to a place in the larger society, to a career, and finally to Judaism. I did not look back over my past and say it was bad. In fact, I knew it was very good. What I did begin to say was that perhaps it could have been better. Isolated incidents began to emerge as part of a pattern. This pattern now had to be tested against a new value framework.

It was almost ten years before I systematically began to apply the new categories to my Jewishness. As I reviewed my education, one fact emerged—a fact so obvious that I was stunned more by my unresponsiveness to it over the years than by the fact itself. It was this: the study of Talmud, which was a primary goal in my family and community, was closed off to me. Beginning with elementary school, the girls studied Israeli folk dancing while the boys studied Talmud. In the yeshiva high school, the girls' branch had no course of study in Talmud; the boys' branch had three hours a day.

And then there was my father. The great love of his life, beyond his family, was not his business; it was his study of the Talmud. Every day, before he left for work, he would spend an hour studying Talmud with a rabbi friend. In fact, he has not missed a day of study in his life, even during family vacations or times of stress. Yet although he reviewed religious texts regularly with his daughters, it was never Talmud. That we didn't participate more directly in our father's passion for Talmud study was not a willful denial on his part; he simply was following the hallowed custom. As a result of all this, when I began to study rabbinic literature in graduate school in my late twenties, I realized that my fellow students all had the edge of fifteen or twenty years of Talmud study behind them.

Gradually, too, I became aware of the power of conditioning and how early in life it takes place. On the last Sabbath that my husband served as rabbi of a congregation, the children and I decided to surprise him. Moshe, then ten and a half, prepared the *Haftorah* reading; David, nine, the *An'im Zemirot* prayer; and J.J., six, the *Adon Olam*. On the following Sunday morning, their grandparents visited and gave each of the boys two dollars for doing such a fine job.

When the boys told Deborah, then eight, that they each had been given two dollars, she complained that it wasn't fair. At which point Moshe retorted, with the biting honesty of a ten-year-old: "Well, so what, you can't even do anything in the synagogue!" Click, click, I thought to myself, another woman radicalized.

Oddly enough, until that moment it never had occurred to me that it could or should be otherwise, that perhaps it wasn't "fair" to a little girl. Even more astounding was the fact that with all the weeks of secret practice, all the fuss I had made over the boys beforehand, and all the compliments they received afterward, Deborah had never once complained. It was only the two dollars that finally got to her; to everything else she had already been conditioned...to expect nothing.

Other scenes began to pull together. When my Uncle Izzie died, the whole family gathered for his funeral. He had had a special spot in his heart for his six grandchildren, especially two girls who grew up in his house. In his eulogy, the rabbi commented on this special relationship. At the end of the service, he asked the grandchildren to accompany the casket out of the synagogue. Three boys and three girls, all in their teens, stepped forward. The president of the congregation hastened over and asked the girls to be seated. The rabbi, he said, meant only male grandchildren.

A few months later, my husband and I went to visit a friend and her daughter who were observing *Shivah*, the seven-day mourning period. We arrived just in time for the evening service. The men rose to pray. The women, including the two mourners, were shunted off to the apartment foyer to stand silently while the men prayed. The men who had arranged the service did not think to provide prayer books for the women, not even for the two female mourners. Nor did it occur to them to move to the foyer themselves at least to allow the women to remain seated in the living room. It was as if once the moment of prayer began, the women no longer existed.

A turning point for me came in 1973. By sheer accident I was invited to deliver the opening address at the First National Jewish Women's Conference, to be held at the Hotel McAlpin in New York. A month before the conference, two young women came to our house to discuss the conference and to invite my husband to participate in a Sunday morning panel. As we chatted, I chimed in intermittently. "Say," said one of the visitors with utter spontaneity, "how would you like to speak at the opening session on Friday night?"

Until then I had thought through the Jewish issues of feminism only haphazardly. Now I was forced to collect my scattered thoughts, to research, to focus. When I confronted the sources directly, I found I could no longer accept the apologetic line so popular among those in the traditional Jewish community who were attempting to deal with feminism. Different role assignments? Yes, that part was true. But genuine equality? There was simply too much evidence to the contrary. On the other hand, my background, indeed my love for the tradition, had given me a different perspective on the feminist movement. Untempered, it seemed to me, feminism fell short in basic human values. Thus, as my talk developed, it ended up being a double-edged critique of Jewish tradition vis-a-vis women and feminism, each from a perspective of the other.

The response was most instructive. I discovered that there were some feminists who relished criticism of the Jewish tradition but would brook no naysaying of feminism. They applauded the first part of my address and hissed at the second part. In my later conversations with them, and in my observations throughout the weekend, I began to realize that it was their counterparts in the broader feminist movement (about whom I had been reading) who had given me pause. I thought of them as "orthodox" feminists, for feminism was to them a religion—sacrosanct, untouchable, inviolable. They were the vociferous minority, the radical fringe, whom the self-serving media had projected to the center, passing up the more balanced, less angry elements of the movement....This was an important encounter for me. After that weekend, I found myself less in need of such remarks as, "I'm not a women's libber." I found you could still be a mild-mannered yeshiva girl and a card-carrying feminist.

From the conference, I began to understand the strength one derives from a like-minded community—the support, the testing of ideas, the cross-fertilization. I learned to relax, not to be so rigid when it came to women's experimentation with new responsibilities.

I had heard there would be a women's *minyan* (quorum of worshippers) during the course of the conference. Naturally, I wouldn't participate! The first *minyan* was held on Friday night prior to the formal opening of the conference, when I was to deliver the keynote address. I prayed alone in my room, feeling on the one hand quite self-righteous and, on the other, secure in the knowledge that since I knew only two or three people there, no one would notice my absence. By Saturday morning, however, I was a known quantity, and to stay away from the services would have been conspicuous. So very hesitantly I brought myself down to the women's *minyan* and sat as far back in the room as I could. I was astounded to hear a woman leading the prayers. Next came another surprise—a woman's melodious voice reading the Torah with perfect cantillation. Somehow, I had thought that only 13-year-old boys were equal to the task.

After the Torah reading, I saw two women, acting in the capacity of *gabba'im* (synagogue officials), coming down the center aisle toward the back where I was sitting. The last thing in the world I wanted was a synagogue honor. Sure enough, they had come to invite me to step forward for the honor of *hagba'ah* (the raising up of the Torah before it is returned to the Ark). Choose someone else, I pleaded. They persisted gently but firmly. Then something happened that was to make me think for a long time about the value of practiced skills. I had seen *hagba'ah* performed at least a thousand times in my life. Yet, as I stood there, I had to ask the woman standing next to me, "What do I do now?" Caught as I was with my defenses down, I found it an exhilarating moment. It was the first time I had ever held a Torah scroll.

After the conference, I began to think more seriously and to read some of the Jewish feminist literature that had been around for years but that I, in my private putterings, somehow had missed. Little by little, I was able to examine what the other Jewish denominations were doing, without ruling something out just because Conservative or Reform or Reconstructionist Judaism had got there first.

Still, it wasn't a smooth path. Like millions of other women and men, I've pretty much tumbled my way through this revolution. In 1973, I was still able to say, "Women in the Reform rabbinate, that's one thing. As for Orthodox me, I'll take my rabbis male, thank you." The first time I saw a woman draped in a prayer shawl, my instinctive reaction was, *am ha'aretz*, ignoramus. The first time I spotted a young woman wearing a *kipah* in the library of the Jewish Theological Seminary, I thought she was spoofing; it never occurred to me she might be in earnest. As I drew nearer and saw her studying Mishnah, I began to feel a charge of anxiety. For the rest of the morning I couldn't concentrate on my own work. Instead, I tried to figure out what she was doing under that powder-blue *kipah*. And I tried to figure out why I was so uneasy. Was it because, once again, someone had crossed the lines?

I know what my reaction will be on that day when I see some smart-aleck woman marching around with *tzitzit*—the ritual fringes worn by observant Jewish males—hanging out. Maybe, if she's not some kind of exhibitionist but rather a deeply religious Jew, eventually I'll overcome my palpitations and begin to consider what kind of statement she is making. Maybe I'll even have to consider the possibility that my own great-granddaughters will be obligated to wear some equivalent of *tzitzit*.

Sometimes I found myself switching gears from one moment to the next. One evening, as I sat in a graduate rabbinic literature course, the professor departed from his explication of the text at hand to comment on an article that had appeared that morning on the front page of The *New York Times* about the Conservative movement's decision to count women in a *minyan*. "This Jew," he said, in a tone not quite free of derision, "gets up in the morning. His five children start to get up, and all at once the house is in an uproar. Now he sets off to the synagogue for the early morning *minyan*. By the time he gets home, his wife has the children washed, dressed, fed, and off to school. The house is quiet again and he sits down to a peaceful breakfast and an hour of leisurely study. When he comes back in the evening from work, the place is an uproar again. So he takes his prayer book and his Bible and goes off to the synagogue again. Now I ask you, what's he going to do if his good wife has to go to the *minyan*?" This account was greeted by a sustained roar of knowing laughter.

In the classroom at that moment were 14 yeshiva men—half of them rabbis, the rest preparing for ordination—and me. I laughed along with everyone else, but after three seconds I said to myself, "Why am I laughing?" Was this not a case of how the primal association of men with synagogue as a male refuge and women with home and family was communicated, ever so subtly, from one generation to the next? Not wishing to jeopardize my standing in the group and their gracious acceptance of me, I said nothing. I began to wonder whether the core issue here had to do with Orthodox versus Conservative, as it seemed, or, on a much deeper level, a matter of male versus female.

I began to discern that just as I was becoming more open and less anxious about my feminist impulses, there were many in the community who were tightening up and closing off. Some of the issues were political as well as religious.

In 1976, my own synagogue was deciding whether to allow women a membership vote. Several women asked me what the rule was in other synagogues. I had no idea, so I undertook an unscientific survey and called ten Orthodox synagogues in the New York area. About one-third of them allowed women to vote; one even had a woman vice-president. In one case, the associate rabbi told me that women could not vote, but then again, he added, neither could the men; synagogue affairs here were the preserve of a three-man oligarchy. At another synagogue the secretary would not put me through to the rabbi. When she heard what I was calling about, she retorted, "Of course women don't vote here; it's against the Torah. You can't bother the rabbi with such foolish questions." At a third synagogue, the cheery sexton who took my call replied, "When women come to the 7:00 A.M. *minyan*, I'll give them the vote." I didn't ask him whether he applied that rule to all the voting members of the synagogue; I already knew the answer.

I found certain other issues quite offensive, too, such as the discussion over the rabbinic precept *kol ishah ervah* ("a woman's voice leads to licentiousness," implying that women may not sing in the presence of men). *Kol ishah* had not been a popular theme in Orthodoxy in the fifties and sixties; if the precept had any religious redeeming value, it clearly escaped me. I half suspected that *kol ishah* was dredged up in the seventies as a counterpoint to women's new freedom of expression, and I openly debated the issue as the need arose. To me, *kol ishah* seemed nothing but an overt slur on the female sex, an arbitrary curb on women in the name of a one-sided modesty meter. Could this be the mild-mannered yeshiva girl speaking?

For me, at least, the process is not over, this interweaving of feminism and Judaism. Two things I know for sure. My questioning never will lead me to abandon tradition.

But I also know that I never can yield the new value of women's equality, even though it may conflict with Jewish tradition. To do so would be to affirm the principle of a hierarchy of male and female, and this I no longer believe to be an axiom of Judaism.

An Egalitarian Hagada

By Aviva Cantor

This Hagada is dedicated to the memory of my two cousins, Lazar and Isaac Malar, my aunt, Gittel Freedman Malar and uncle Shmuel Malar, who perished at the hands of the Nazis, in Dubno (the Ukraine), October, 1942.

THE SEDER PLATE

THE SHANK BONE *represents the Pesach offering made in the days of the Temple. Vegetarians can substitute a picture or leave the space blank.*
Another possible substitute is something to represent the grain offering that was required on every day of Passover (see Numbers *28:19-26). The grain offering was traditionally unleavened flour (i.e., matza meal) plus oil* (Leviticus *2:1-11). A little matza-meal cake is therefore a possibility here.*

THE CHAZERET *is another bitter herb, usually ground horseradish.*

THE KARPAS *can be any green vegetable (celery, lettuce or boiled potatoes) and represents Spring, the renewal of life.*

THE EGG *(boiled or roasted) is said to represent Israel. Just as an egg becomes increasingly hard the more it is cooked. so Jews are said to toughen their resolve to survive during hard times.*

THE MAROR *(bitter herbs)—usually a piece of unground horseradish —represents the bitterness of slavery in Egypt.*

THE CHAROSET, *a mixture of chopped nuts, apples and wine, represents the mortar the Jewish slaves used to make bricks for the Egyptians.*

On the Seder table near the Seder Plate is a bowl of salt water, a dish of hard-boiled eggs which some people eat along with the KARPAS, and a plate with three covered matzot to be used at various stages of the ceremony.
There should be enough wine (grape juice for the younger set) for four glasses. One brim-full glass of wine is placed in the center of the table for Elijah the Prophet.

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CANDLE-LIGHTING

Before lighting the candles and ushering in the holiday, we recite this poem written by Hannah Senesch.* She was one of a small group of women and men from Eretz Israel who parachuted behind German lines during the War in the hope of rescuing Jews from the Nazi murder-machine. She was captured, and wrote the poem in prison in Budapest before her execution on November 7th, 1944:

Blessed is the match consumed
in igniting flames.
Blessed is the flame that flared
in the secret places of the heart.
Blessed are the hearts with strength
to throb their last beat in dignity.
Blessed is the match consumed
in igniting flames.

Baruch ata adonai, eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, asher kid-sha-noo be-mitzvo-tav, ve-tzee-va-noo le-had-leek nayr shel chag ha-Pesach.
Blessed are You, our God, Giver of Light, who sanctified us with the commandment to light the holiday candles.

Martin Buber wrote: "At Pesach, every celebrating generation becomes united with the first generation and with all those that have followed. As in that first Pesach night the families united into the living people, so in the Pesach night the generations of the people unite together year after year." We, now, around this table, unite with all the generations of our people as we begin our celebration.

The transliteration is largely phonetic and words should be pronounced as they would be in English. Please note, however, the following:
ch—as in loch—the Russian kh.
ai—as in sigh (as opposed to ay, as in day and aw, as in raw).
All other "a"'s should be pronounced "ah".
e and i—as the "i" in it (as opposed to ee in seed or eh as in sped).
o—as in wrote (as opposed to oo as in moot).
The "u" in Baruch should be pronounced as the oo in foot.

*See page 24.

KADAYSH: BLESSING THE WINE

Say the Kee-doosh (prayer on wine or grape juice):

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, bo-ray pree hagafen.
Blessed are You, God, Creator of the Universe, who brings forth from the earth the fruit of the vine. Blessed are you, God, Creator of the Universe, who sanctified our people by giving us commandments to fulfill, and who makes us joyful by giving us holidays for celebration. Tonight we celebrate the Festival of Pesach to remember a holy event in our history: our liberation from slavery in Egypt.

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, sheh-he-cheh-ya-noo ve-kee-ye-ma-noo ve-hee-gee-a-noo la-z'man ha-zeh.
Blessed are You, God, Creator of the Universe, who has kept us alive and who has sustained us so that we may reach this day.

YACHATZ: BREAKING OF THE MIDDLE MATZA

Break the middle one of the three matzot on the Seder table. Leave one half there. Wrap the other half in a cloth or napkin and hide it. This piece of matza is now called the "afeekomon" (from the Greek word for dessert). It has to be found (usually by a child) and eaten by all present right after dinner, before the Seder can continue.

MAGEED: TELL THE STORY OF OUR LIBERATION FROM SLAVERY

Uncover the matzot, lift the ceremonial Seder plate and say aloud:

Haw lach-ma an-ya dee-a-cha-loo av-ha-ta-na be-ar'a de-mitz-ra-yeem. Kawl dich-feen yay-tay ve-yay-chool. Kawl ditz-reech yay-tay ve-yif-sach. Ha-sha-ta hacha; le-sha-na ha-ba'a be-ar'a de-Yis-ra-el. Ha-sha-ta av-day; le-sha-na ha-ba'a be-nay/be-not cho-reen.

This is the poor people's bread our ancestors ate in the Land of Egypt.

Let all who hunger come and eat it with us. Let all who hunger for spiritual sustenance, come and share this celebration and let us rediscover and renew our heritage together.

This year we are oppressed. We live in a world in which powerful forces carry out evil deeds—against our people, against the poor and the crippled and the old of all nations, against women, against animals, and against our planet, our Mother Earth. We live in a world in which too many stand silently by in the face of evil—out of complicity, out of greed, and out of fear.

Next year may we be free. Next year, may we be living in the Reign of Peace, in a new era of love and reverence for all humanity and all the creatures of the Green Hills of Earth.

THE FOUR QUESTIONS

The youngest person at the table now recites or sings the Four Questions.

Ma nish-ta-na ha-lai-la ha-zeh mee-kawl ha-lay-lote?

Sheh-be-chawl ha-lay-lote anoo och-leen cha-maytz oo-matza ; ha-lai-la ha-zeh koo-lo matza.

Sheh-be-chawl ha-lay-lote anoo och-leen she-ahr yera-kote; ha-lai-la ha-zeh, maror.

She be-chawl ha-lay-lote ayn anoo mat-bee-leen a-fee-loo pa-am achat; ha-lai-la ha-zeh, shtay pe-a-meem.

Sheh be-chawl ha-lay-lote anoo och-leen bayn yosh-veen oo-vayn me-soo-been; ha-lai-la ha-zeh, koo-la-noo me-soo-been.

Why is this night different from all other nights? Why is it that on all other nights we eat both bread and matza, but on this night only matza?

Why is it that on all other nights we eat all kinds of vegetables, but on this night we must eat bitter herbs?

Why is it that on all other nights we might not dip one food into another even once, but on this night we dip different foods twice?

Why is it that on all other nights we may sit or recline while eating, but on this night we all eat in a reclining position?

One of the adults (any woman over 12 or man over 13) replies:

This night is different from all other nights of the year because tonight we celebrate the liberation of our people from the Egyptian House of Bondage, a historic event that marks our emergence as a free nation.

AVADEEM HA-YEE-NOO: WE WERE ONCE SLAVES

Ava-deem ha-yee-noo le-far'o be-mitzra-yeem. Va-yo-tzee-ay-noo adonai mee-sham be-yad chazaka oo-ve-zro-a ne-too-ya. Ve-eeloo lo ho-tzee hakadosh baruch hoo et avotay-noo mee-mitzra-yeem, haray anoo oo-mishpachtay-noo ve-chavay-ray-noo, meshoo-ba-deem ha-yee-noo le-far'o be-mitzra-eem.

We were Pharaoh's slaves in Egypt. The Torah tells us God took us out of there "with a strong hand and an outstretched arm," in other words, by uprising and revolt. If we had not been freed from Egyptian bondage, then we and our children and grandchildren, our parents and grandparents, our sisters and brothers, our relatives and friends, and all who sit around this table tonight, would still be slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt. So even were all of us wise, all of us learned, all of us deeply committed to our heritage, we would still be obligated to tell again and again the story of our liberation so it will never be forgotten.

THE STORY OF OUR LIBERATION FROM EGYPT*

This narrative, the core of the Seder, can be read going around the table, with each person reading one or several paragraphs.

Originally, Jacob and Leah and their entire household went to Egypt because of the famine raging in Canaan, the Land of Israel. Egypt was hospitable. Joseph, the son of Rachel and Jacob, had recently risen to the position of top economic official, and initiated a program to prevent wholesale starvation in lean years. The Jews became important in the economy of Egypt and believed they had enough power and influence to be forever secure.

The Jews came to feel at home in Egypt. Years, even centuries after the famine in Canaan had ended and it was possible to go home again, they lingered on and on because life in Egypt was easy and comfortable. They adopted alien values and forgot what it meant to live in their homeland in accordance with their own values and heritage, as a free people. And then, when their mental slavery was complete, they were easily reduced to physical slavery.

As rulers changed upon Egypt's throne, the new Pharaoh found the Jews' economic role to be marginal and insignificant. He preferred to ignore the contributions Joseph and his family had made to Egyptian society. He needed slave labor for his Empire, and found it both expedient and easy to enslave the Jews.

The Jews did not raise their voices or their hands in protest.

The Pharaoh developed the theory that Jews were an alien minority likely to take over the country or constitute a "fifth-column" in the event of enemy attack. He initiated a policy of genocide: drowning all new-born Jewish males and registering all new-born females to be raised as prostitutes. But the Jews did not raise their voices or their hands in protest.

It was only after the death of the Pharaoh who had enslaved them that the Jews began to realize the nature of their oppression. Until that point, they had believed that their enslavement was caused only by a bad king and that they would be free once he died. But when the Pharaoh died and their enslavement continued, they began to understand that it was embedded in the system. It was then that they cried out their oppression for the first time.

But still they did not raise their hands in protest.

Moshe, who was destined to lead the struggle of his people for liberation, was born to Yocheved and Amram during the days of the genocide policy. His life was saved by three women: His mother hid him in a basket among the bulrushes of the river Nile, the Pharaoh's daughter adopted him as her son, and his sister Miriam arranged to have Yocheved be his wet-nurse at the palace. Moses grew up in court, an assimilated Jew.

But he was impelled to seek his roots. He went out to observe the Jewish slaves and felt himself to be a Jew. One day, he saw an Egyptian overseer beat a Jew. His response was immediate: he killed the overseer. The next day, a Jewish slave threatened to inform on him. Moshe escaped from Egypt and became a political exile in neighboring Midyan. He married Zipporah and devoted himself to raising a family, seeking to forget his people's suffering in Egypt.

But Moshe's destiny followed him to the desert. One day, while rescuing a lost lamb, he had a vision of a burning but unconsumed bush. This was a sign that although the Jewish people might be consumed in flames, it would continue to live and resist, like the thorns in the bush. He understood it was time to return to his people.

Moshe came back to Egypt and enlisted the help of his brother Aaron and his sister Miriam. At first he impressed the Jewish leadership. The elders delegated him to ask Pharaoh to let the people go on a three-day religious festival in the desert. Pharaoh refused. These slaves went on strike. Pharaoh denounced Moshe and Aaron as outside agitators, and ordered the overseers to deny the slaves straw to make bricks with. Pharaoh thus acted as a classic oppressor, tightening rather than loosening the bonds of oppression at the first sign of insurgency.

The Jewish leadership, upon being told by Pharaoh that this was due to the actions of Moshe and Aaron, turned against them. Thus they acted in the classic pattern of oppressed people, who often turn against each other instead of uniting against the oppressor.

Nothing Moshe or Aaron did or said made any lasting impact on Pharaoh. He was unmoved by pleas for justice and mercy, and unfazed by threats of dire consequences. Pharaoh watched his world come crashing down around him. Frogs and locusts swarmed over the land, the stench of blood rose from the rivers, and boils and lice covered the skin of his subjects. But Pharaoh was still unwilling to give up his power over the slaves.

loshe understood that, in dealing with an ppressor, it was not enough to present asonable demands or even to create massive vil disturbances. The oppressor had to be rought to his knees. So it was only when naraoh's first-born son died in the Tenth ague that he told the Jews to leave.
ur ancestors were prepared for this con- ngency. They collected back wages in goods om the Egyptians for 400 years of unpaid bor. Then they mobilized according to plan nd marched out.

haraoh, however, had a change of heart as on as conditions returned to normal. He uickly gathered his chariots and cavalry to ecapture the Jewish slaves, who were now by ae shores of the Red Sea.
he Jews turned around and saw the army of ae Egyptians, who had been their masters ntil a short time ago. Even though they were 00,000 strong and the Egyptians numbered nly 600, they were frightened. In their panic, aey turned on Moshe for bringing this danger pon them.
he waters did not divide until one Jew, achshon, walked into the sea. In doing this, e acted as a free human being who was ready take the ultimate risk for freedom. Thus he ecame a free human being. Only after achshon and those who followed him made aeir first break with slavery did the waters ivide and allow the Jews to cross over in afety.
liriam, who had organized the women to ke charge of all the details of the departure om Egypt, led them in song and dance, to elebrate the escape from slavery.

reedom from a master is not the end of a peration struggle, but only the beginning. uring the years of bondage, the Jews had en themselves as the Egyptians had seen em—as victims, weak, ineffective, power- ss. So although they had wrenched their odies free of bondage, their spirits were still nslaved. They were unsure of their identity, capable of trusting themselves or each other, arful of risks and responsibilities. Their nergy was thus largely unavailable to them.

They did not even trust their own chosen leaders. Many times they regretted bitterly having given up the security of slavery for the insecurity and dangers of freedom. Many times they were consumed with nostalgia for the "good old days" of slavery.
They did not go back to slavery in Egypt. But neither could they go forward to self-determination in the Promised Land. The entire generation of slaves (with only two exceptions) wandered in the desert for forty years, unable to find the path to self-liberation.
But the next generation, born to the precarious life in the desert, free of pernicious values of Egyptian society and of the painful memories and fears of slavery, were independent in both body and soul. They made the leap into freedom and went up to the Promised Land.

The experience of slavery, told to them by their parents and grandparents, left a profound mark on their consciousness. It gave them a deep understanding of the preciousness of freedom, and a passionate commitment to justice that they incorporated in the Torah, Jewish law. They vowed to remember that the Jews were once slaves in Egypt and to retell the story of our liberation once a year—even as we tell it again, tonight, around this table.

Sing:

Ava-deem ha-yee-noo, ha-yee-noo. Ata chof-shee-eem ve-chof-shee-ote.

Or sing in English (same tune):

We were slaves to Pharaoh, in Egypt's land.
God brought us to freedom
with a strong hand.
Going from bondage to liberation
In struggle becoming, becoming a nation.
Resolving now, as we did then:
Never, never to be slaves again.

Pour the first cup of wine, lift it and say:

We drink this first of four cups of wine at this Seder to mark our first struggle for freedom.

Put down the cup and continue:

As we remember this struggle, we honor the midwives who were the first Jews to resist the

Pharaoh. Our legends tell us that Pharaoh, behaving in a way common to oppressors, tried to get Jews to collaborate in murdering their own people. He summoned the two chief midwives, Shifra and Pu'ah, and commanded them to kill newborn Jewish males at birth, and to report the birth of Jewish females so they could be taken away and raised as prostitutes. He threatened the midwives with death by fire if they failed to follow his commands.

But the midwives did not follow orders. Instead of murdering the infants, they took special care of them and their mothers. When Pharaoh asked them to account for all the living children, they made up the excuse that Jewish women gave birth too fast to summon midwives in time.*
The midwives' acts of civil disobedience were the first stirrings of resistance among the Jewish slaves. The actions of the midwives gave the people courage both to withstand their oppression and to envision how to overcome it. It became the forerunner of the later resistance. Thus Shifra and Pu'ah were not only midwives to the children they delivered, but also to the entire Jewish nation, in its deliverance from slavery. Our sages affirmed this when they said: "The Jews were liberated from Egypt because of the righteousness of the women" (Talmud, Sota 11b).

Say the blessing on the wine, then drink the first cup:

Baruch ata adonai, eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam bo-ray pree ha-ga-fen.
Blessed are You, our God, Creator of the Universe who brings forth from the earth the fruit of the vine.

IN EACH AND EVERY GENERATION

In each and every generation, Jews should experience the Exodus as if we ourselves had just been liberated from Egypt along with the Jews of that time. For it is written: "And you shall tell your child on that day, 'This is what God did to liberate me from Egypt.'" For God did not only liberate our ancestors, but us, their descendants, as well.

THE FOUR CHILDREN

The Torah spoke of "telling your child" the story of our Exodus. According to tradition, there are four types of children, of young Jews: the wise individual, the evil one, the superficial type and the youth who does not know what questions to ask. The four types of contemporary Jewish youth are:

- the young Jew who is searching for his or her Jewish roots, learning from study and experience what our heritage and its significance are;
- the alienated young Jew who is negative about Jewish life and its concerns and finds them painful and upsetting;
- the superficial Jewish youth who goes through the motions of synagogue attendance and philanthropy but whose understanding and identification stop there;
- and the Jewish child who is so remote from anything Jewish that she or he would not even know what to ask first upon encountering it.

The searching young Jew asks: "What can I learn from the experiences of the Jews during the Exodus from Egypt that is relevant to our struggles for self-liberation today?" It is our obligation to provide this Jewish youth with the rich treasures of our heritage so she can deepen her Jewish knowledge and consciousness and understanding, and strengthen her commitment to the pursuit of justice.

The alienated young Jew asks: "What can this chauvinistic tribal rite possibly have to say to me?" Notice that he said, "to me" and not "to us," thus deliberately removing himself from the ranks of our people and distancing himself from our struggle. Although he has turned his back on us, we should not turn our back on him. We should confront him directly and say: "What benefits are you deriving from separating yourself from your people in our joyful celebration? Don't you know you will still be identified as a Jew in times of suffering?"

Everything should be done to try to make this young Jew realize he is part of the Jewish peo-

ee and how much he has to lose by deserting
. Meanwhile, we might sadly observe that
ad he been in Egypt, he would have similarly
iled to participate in our liberation, and
ould have remained a slave with a slave
entality, even as he is today.

ne superficially identified young Jew who has
conflict over his Jewishness because it is so
arginal to his life might ask: "What is all this
out anyway? Why is being a committed Jew
important?" And we should seize this
portunity to explain that what passes for
wishness in the West is often so diluted and
vialized that it is no wonder he relegates
wishness to the remote recesses of his con-
ousness. We should explain that this derives
m the ravages of the assimilationism, and
at he can begin to struggle against it tonight,
our Seder.

nally, there is the Jewish youth who has
ver dropped out of the community because
e was never in it, who is so remote from
wish life and concerns that she does not even
ow what to ask about being Jewish. It is up
us to reach out to this young Jew with open
ms and involve her in joyful experiences like
s Seder so that she will begin to feel that she
o, is part of our people.

KARPAS: GREENS

ike a piece of the karpas, the green vegetable
elery, lettuce or a boiled potato) dip it in the
lt water and say:

e dip the karpas, this leafy green vegetable
hich symbolizes growth, the renewal of life
at comes with liberation, into a bowl of salt
ater, which represents the tears we shed
der oppression and slavery. Why do we
merse karpas, the symbol of liberation, into
lt water, the symbol of our suffering? We do
is to affirm that to liberate ourselves, we first
ve to immerse ourselves in the depths of our
ffering, bring out into the open our
ppressed pain and forgotten anguish—and
ntify it as oppression. Only after we have
come fully conscious of our oppression as
ppression can we begin to grow into
eration.

Say the blessing and eat the karpas:

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, boray pree ha-adamah.
Blessed are You, our God, Creator of the Universe, who brings forth the fruit of the earth.

Some people now eat hard-boiled eggs dipped in the salt water. Those who do, say:

The sage, Hatam Sofer asked: Why do we eat hard-boiled eggs at the Seder? Because the egg, which becomes increasingly hard the more it is cooked, is symbolic of the character of the Jewish people: oppression toughens our resolve to live and flourish.

GO AND LEARN

Go and learn how the enemies of the Jews tried so many times and in so many places to destroy us. We survived because of our spiritual resistance. We clung to our heritage, our tradition, our values, no matter what dangers we faced.

Pour the second cup of wine and say or sing:

Vé-hee sheh-amda la-vo-tay-noo ve-la-noo: Sheh-lo eh-chad bil-vad amad a-lay-noo le-cha-lo-tay-noo. Eh-la, sheh-be-chawl dor va-dor, om-deem a-lay-noo le-cha-lo-tay-noo. Ve-ha-kadosh baruch hoo ma-tzee-lay-noo mee-ya-dam.

It was the unshakable solidarity of the Jewish people, our unity with each other and our culture, that kept us alive during two thousand years of persecution. For how many times have we been faced with annihilation? How many times has despair threatened to overwhelm us? But this unbreakable bond stood between us and destruction.

THE FIVE SCHOLARS

We continued to be Jews even when Judaism was outlawed. The traditional hagada relates how five scholars—Akiva, Yehoshu'a, Elazar ben Azarya, Eliezer and Tarfon—were holding a seder in the town of Bnay Brak at a time

when the yoke of Rome was heavy and such celebrations were forbidden. They became so involved in telling the story of the Exodus that they did not realize the night had passed and dawn had broken. Finally, their students came to them and said, "Our teachers, it is time for morning prayers." According to the oral tradition, it was not only the struggle against the Pharaoh of Egypt that the rabbis were discussing so fervently, but the coming struggle against the Empire of Rome.

The Romans crushed the three rebellions against the Empire, scattering the Jewish people to the four corners of the earth. In every country, we were a minority, living on sufferance, existing at the whim of the rulers. The Chronicles of the Jewish community of Mayence (Mainz), in 12th century Germany, recorded that during the savage attack of the Crusaders "the pious women hurled stones at the enemies through the windows. Infuriated, the enemies threw the stones back until the women's faces and bodies were bleeding from many wounds."
In the days of the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisition, we continued the dangerous practice of Judaism underground. Yiddish poet Avrom Reisen wrote this poem* about the Marranos, the secret Jews of 15th century Iberia:

Tell me, Marrano, my brother, where have you prepared your seder?
—In a room in a deep cellar, there my seder is ready.
Tell me, Marrano, my [sister], where will you get white matzot?
—In the cellar, under God's protection, [I] kneaded the dough.
Tell me, Marrano, how will you manage to get a hagada?
—In the cellar, in a deep crevice, I hid a hagada long ago.
Tell me, Marrano, if your voice is heard, what will you do then?
—When the enemy captures me, I will die singing.

Raise the second cup of wine and say:

We drink this second of four cups of wine to honor our forebears who remained Jews during two thousand long years of Exile. How easy it would have been to convert, to simply disappear as a people! But the will to live as Jews was stronger even than the harsh oppression.

When the Nazis took power in Germany, they decreed that all Jews must wear the yellow star, as they had in the ghettos of medieval Europe. On April first, 1933, the Jewish Review of Berlin, a Zionist newspaper, editorialized about what the Jewish response to this evil decree should be: "The Jewish answer must be clear. It must be that briefest of sentences spoken by Moshe to the Egyptian: 'Ivri Anochi: I am a Jew.'"

Say the blessing on the wine and drink the second cup:

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam bo-ray pree ha-ga-fen.
Blessed are You, God, Creator of the Universe, who brings forth from the earth the fruit of the vine.

On this night we remember our sisters and brothers who were brutally tortured, murdered and burned by the Nazis and their collaborators among the peoples of Europe. We vow never to forget or forgive.
We remember the criminal apathy of the allied Western nations who sabotaged attempts to rescue Jews and closed their eyes and doors to our people. We vow never to forget or forgive.
We will not forget or forgive the crime of Great Britain, which closed the door of Eretz Israel to Jews trying to escape the ovens.
We will not forget or forgive the crime of the United States, which refused to bomb the crematoria of Auschwitz or the rail tracks leading to the death camps because, they said, "it would detract from the war effort."

Now someone, usually a child, opens the door for Elee-ya-hoo HaNavee, Elijah the Prophet, and all present say:

Shfoch cha-mat-cha el ha-go-yeem asher lo ye-da-oo-cha, ve-al mamla-chote asher be-shim-cha lo kara-oo. Kee achal et Ya-a-kove ve-et na-vay-hoo hay-sha-moo. Shfoch a-lay-hem

ga-am-cha, ve-charone a-peh-cha ya-see-gaym. Keer-dofe be-af, ve-tash-mee-daym mee-ta-chat rh'may adonai.

Let the wrath of God be hurled against all those persecute, torture, rape, mutilate and abuse us; against those who engineer and organize genocide; against those who collaborate with the arch-criminals; against those who profit from our death; and against those who close their eyes to murder, torture and injustice.

Let the wrath of God smash their power and their weapons, their murderous schemes and the fear and trembling they cause. Let the wrath of God be our wrath, our rage, our fury, so long held back, long denied, long suppressed. And when the oppression is destroyed, let the flowers of freedom blossom forth and cover the earth.

Close the door and sing:

Elee-ya-hoo Ha-Navee. Elee-ya-hoo Ha-Tish-bee. Elee-ya-hoo, Elee-ya-hoo, Elee-ya-hoo Ha-Gil-a-dee. Bim-hay-ra be-ya-may-noo, ya-vo ay-lay-noo. Eem ma-shee-ach ben Da-veed, eem ma-shee-ach ben Da-veed. Elee-ya Ha-Na-vee, Elee-ya-hoo Ha-Tish-bee. Elee-ya-hoo, Elee-ya-hoo, Elee-ya-hoo Ha-Gil-a-dee.

May the Prophet Elijah, fore-runner of the Messianic Era, come to us quickly in our own life-time.

On this night we remember with pride the resistance of the Jews in Nazi-occupied Europe. Starving, weakened by disease, tormented by the slaughter of their mothers and fathers, their children, their siblings, terrorized by the brutality, they somehow found the strength to resist their oppressors. Some resisted by organizing food and shelter, prayer services, schools and cultural and political activities to maintain Jewish spirits as well as Jewish bodies. Others fought in the ghettos, concentration camps and partisan units, against impossible odds.

The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, one of the many ghetto revolts, began on the first night of Pesach, April 19th, 1943. With pitifully few arms, the several hundred fighters took on the armoured tanks and flame-throwers of the enemy. Each inch of ground, each house was contested fiercely and bitterly. The battle continued until the Germans had burned the entire ghetto to the ground 43 days later. The Warsaw Ghetto fought the Germans longer than any European country. Even after the ghetto was burned to the ground, isolated groups of resistance fighters emerged from bunkers to avenge the murder of our people. Not until September, 1943—five months after the start of the Uprising—was the area of the Warsaw Ghetto finally silent.

From the Resistance in the Warsaw Ghetto and in other ghettos and concentration camps, emerged the Partisaner Lied—the Partisans' Song.

Recite or sing:

Zawg nit kayn-mawl ahz doo gaytzt dem letz-ten vegg
Him-len vai-eh-neh far-shtelin bloy-eh teg
Koo-min veht nawch oon-zer oys-ge-benk-teh shaw
S'vet a poyk-tawn oon-zer trawt meer zai-nen daw.

Or sing in English:

Don't ever say you walk the last mile of the way
The dusty clouds conceal the blue skies of the day
The hour we long for and we fight for now draws near
When we'll stand up and declare: "Look, we are here!"

This is a song our people wrote in blood and fire
It's not the song of birds that freely soar yet higher
For from behind the falling walls our people sang
And while singing held their rifles in their hand.

Hirsh Glick, a partisan, wrote this poem to honor Vitke Kempner, a woman who was his comrade in the Vilna Ghetto Uprising. Both were killed in the resistance.

THE NIGHT IS STILL

The night is still and bright with stars
There is a burning frost
Do you remember how I taught you
To hold a gun in your hand?

A young woman in a jacket and a beret
A grenade gripped tightly in her hand
A young woman, her face smooth as velvet
Blows up the enemy convoy.

She aims, fires and shoots true!
With her small gun
She has destroyed
A car full of armed men.

It is daybreak and she steals out of the forest
A garland of snow in her hair
Proud of the small victory she has won
For our new and free generation!

Pour the third cup of wine. Lift the cup and say:

We drink this third of four cups of wine to honor the memory of the Jewish resistance. The courage in the face of unspeakable brutality and anguish inspires us.

Say the blessing on the wine and drink the third cup:

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam bo-ray pree ha-ga-fen.
Blessed are You, God, Creator of the Universe, who brings forth from the earth the fruit of the vine.

Albert Memmi wrote: "Oppressed people must never expect others to hand them their liberation....They must take their destiny in their own hands. Our lives must no longer depend on any treaty, often signed with other ends in mind, by anyone with anyone else....We should not have had to ask ourselves piteously and in vain, why the Pope was silent or why the Americans abandoned us....Liberty is not a gift. Bestowed, conceded, protected by someone else, it is denied and it vanishes. Our liberation must depend on our own fight for it...."

THE TEN PLAGUES

This was the lesson our ancestors in Egypt learned as they struggled with Pharaoh to free themselves from bondage. The Torah relates that Ten Plagues (literally, Ten Strikes) were unleashed against the Egyptians as part of this struggle.

As we read the names of the Plagues aloud, we dip a finger into the wine and shake off a drop of wine into a plate for each plague mentioned. Our sages said the reason for this was to remind us that our cup of happiness cannot be full to overflowing if our freedom means the tragedy of others, even our sworn enemies.

DAHM	Blood
TZFAR-DAY-A	Frogs
KEE-NEEM	Lice
A-ROVE	Swarms of flies
DEH-VER	Pestilence
SH-CHEEN	Boils
BA-RAD	Hail
AR-BEH	Locusts
CHO-SHECH	Darkness
MA-KAT BE-CHO-ROTE	Striking the first-born

THE THREE SYMBOLS

Rabban Gamliel, who lived in the time of Roman tyranny, said: "Whoever has not called attention at the Seder to the three symbols of Pesach has not fulfilled the obligations of this celebration. And these are the symbols: the Pesach offering, matza and maror (bitter herbs)."

oint to the shank bone on the seder plate and y:

Why do we have a shank bone at our Seder?
o remember the sacrifice made by our ncestors on the eve of their departure from gypt. They marked their door posts with the ood of the sacrifice to call attention to their volt. It was a symbol of the refusal to hide om the risks and consequences of the struggle become free.

egetarians may point to the place on the ate where a space may be left for the shank-one or a picture of it or a grain-offering bstituted, and say, along with anyone else ho wishes to join in:

st as the sacrifice of animals was forbidden ter the days of the Temple, so, too, we look rward to the day, when the killing of nimals will be forbidden, and when the ffering and enslavement of animals will be nded even as human suffering will be no ore.

oint to the matza and say:

Why do we eat matza?
ecause in the days preceding our Exodus om Egypt, our foremothers were organizing ll the details of our departure and did not ave time to wait around for the dough to rise nto bread. So they improvised flat cakes ithout yeast—matzot—that could be baked nd consumed in haste, for *all* the Jews were ager to leave Egypt quickly. The matza repre-nts a rush to freedom.

MOTZEE, MATZAH: BLESSING THE GRAIN

he blessing on all forms of bread is im-ediately followed by the blessing on the pecial kind of bread we eat on Pesach, the atza. Say both blessings, then break pieces ff the top matza and the half of the middle atza and pass around to everyone to eat. ach piece must, by tradition, be no smaller an an olive.

Baruch ata ado-nai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, ha-mo-tzee leh-chem min ha-aretz.
Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, asher kid-sha-noo be-mitzvo-tav, ve-tzee-va-noo ahl achee-lat matza.

Blessed are You, our God, Creator of the Universe, who brings forth bread from the earth.
Blessed are You, our God, Creator of the Universe, who sanctified us with the Torah and commanded us to eat matza.

The Torah and our Prophets constantly remind us to "pursue justice because you were slaves in Egypt." We are taught to remember our experience of oppression, and fight injustice wherever we are.
Our grandmothers and grandfathers carried out this teaching when they pioneered in organizing unions in Europe and America to end the oppression of wage-slaves. During the Massachusetts mill strikes of 1912, James Oppenheimer wrote the song "Bread and Roses," which became a hymn of the strikers and later, the women's movement:

As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing: Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses!

As we come marching, marching, we bring the Greater Days
For the rising of the women means
the rising of the Race
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes
But a sharing of life's glories—Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses!

MAROR: BITTER HERBS

Point to the maror and say:

What is the meaning of eating maror? The maror represents the bitterness of our bondage.

Just as we are commanded to bring to mind the bitterness of *our* bondage, so, too, are we obligated to be conscious that bondage and persecution are the bitter fate of countless people on our planet today, and to support the liberation of all on Earth.

Dip the maror in the charoset and say:

Why do we dip maror in charoset? The charoset represents the clay for the bricks we made in Egypt, another symbol of our slavery. Others say, the charoset, made with apples, symbolizes the apple trees of Egypt. In the shade of those apple trees, our foremothers gave birth to the next generation, knowing full well the risks involved. As we dip the maror, symbol of our bitterness, into the charoset, symbol of taking risks for freedom, we remind each other that in taking these risks to break our bondage, we grow in strength and purpose. Our growing freedom of spirit, even before we have smashed the shackles of slavery, overcomes the bitterness of our suffering and sweetens the long period of struggle for liberation—just as the taste of charoset sweetens and overcomes the taste of the maror.

Break the bottom matza, put maror and charoset between two pieces of matza, then say this blessing on the maror and the selection immediately following:

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, asher kid-sha-noo be-mitzvo-tav ve-tzee-va-noo al achee-lat maror.
Blessed are You, our God, Creator of the Universe, who sanctified us with the Torah and commanded us to eat maror.

KORAYCH: HILLEL'S "SANDWICH"

Zay-cher leMikdash KeHillel: This is in memory of Hillel's custom in the days of the Temple. The scholar Hillel would place maror between pieces of matza and eat them together in order to fulfill the commandment regarding the Pesach offering, that "You shall eat it on matzot and maror."

Now eat the Hillel sandwich.

Our sages asked: why did we taste the matza—which represents freedom—before the maror which represents slavery? After all, the historical events happened in precisely the opposite sequence! The reason they gave is, only after we have had a taste of freedom do we begin to understand the bitterness of our slavery. As Rabbi Hanoch of Alexander said: "The real slavery of the Jews in Egypt was that they learned to endure it."

DA-YAY-NOO: IT WOULD HAVE SUFFICED

The traditional "Da-yay-noo" tells of all the steps in the liberation of the Jews from Egypt, culminating in going up to Eretz Israel.

Say or sing:

Ee-loo ho-tzee a-noo mee-mitz-ra-yeem—DA-YAY-NOO.
Ee-loo natan la-noo et ha-Torah—DA-YAY-NOO.
Ee-loo natan la-noo et ha-Shabbat—DA-YAY-NOO.
Ee-loo hich-nee-sa-noo le-Eretz Yisra-el—DA-YAY-NOO.

Or sing in English (same tune):

If God brought us out of Egypt, brought us out of Pharaoh's bondage, that alone would have sufficed us, DA-YAY-NOO.
If God gave us all the Torah, gave us the Five Books of Moses, that alone would have sufficed us, DA-YAY-NOO.
If God gave us all the Sabbath, to rest up from six days' labor, that alone would have sufficed us, DA-YAY-NOO.
If God brought us into Israel, to a land of milk and honey, that alone would have sufficed us, DA-YAY-NOO.

Had God brought us out of Egypt, given us the Torah and also Shabbat—DA-YAY-NOO—we would have had enough to be thankful for. But God did not think that was enough to complete our liberation. For not only did God bring us out of Egypt, give us the Torah and also Shabbat—but also brought us

) Eretz Israel, thus completing the process of
)beration that began with our Exodus from
gypt.

Martin Buber wrote: "Moses...wished to heal
ne people of the simultaneously lax and
)bstinate character it had assumed in Egypt.
le wished to heal it by active union with the
)il inhabited by our ancestors....

Dispersion is bearable; it can even be pur-
)seful if there is somewhere an ingathering, a
owing home center, a piece of earth where
ne is in the midst of an ingathering and not in
spersion, and whence the spirit of an in-
thering may work its way into all the places
the dispersion. When there is this, there is
so a striving common life, the life of a com-
unity which dares to live today because it
ay hope to live tomorrow. But when this
owing center...is lacking, dispersion
ecomes dismemberment....The question of
ır Jewish destiny is indissolubly bound with
e possibility of ingathering and that is bound
) with Eretz Israel."

)ur a fourth cup of wine, lift it and say:

'e drink the fourth and last cup of wine at
is Seder to honor the Jews of our own time
ho struggled and fought to establish the
wish State of Israel, the first flower of our
edemption as a people. We honor the
)oneers who drained the swamps, irrigated
e desert and struggled to create new forms of
llective and egalitarian living. We honor the
ws who rescued and smuggled in thousands
so-called illegal immigrants during the rule
Britain and who later ingathered Jews from
er 70 countries. We honor the Jews who
ught against British rule. We honor the
aelis who have fought to safeguard the
wish State, and those who struggle to bring
ace to the land. We drink this cup of wine
salute their courage, their vision, their
eams of a just society.

t down the cup.

ne dream of upbuilding the land with one's
vn hands and the devotion to this dream
ere expressed in 1911 by Rachel Blaustein, in
poem:

And perhaps
All this never was
And perhaps
I never awakened at dawn
To work in the fields with the
Sweat of my brow...

Could it be
In those long and burning
days of harvest
Perched atop a wagon
piled with sheaves of grain
I did not raise my voice
In song?

Could it be that
I never purified myself
In the quiet blue eternity
of the Kinneret?

O Kinneret, my Kinneret!
Do you really exist
Or is it all a dream?

Say the blessing on the wine and drink the fourth cup:

Baruch ata adonai eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam bo-ray pree ha-ga-fen.
Blessed are You, God, Creator of the Universe, who brings forth from the earth the fruit of the vine.

The poet Rachel's dream of rebuilding Eretz Israel goes back two thousand years. In every century, Jews have longed to return to Eretz Israel, to redeem the land, and to be redeemed.

In our own time Jews in the Soviet Union have renewed their connection to Eretz Israel and many struggle for the right to go there. In the early 1970's, a visitor smuggled out some of the songs of the underground Jewish movement. We read one of these songs that Soviet Jews may be singing tonight at their seders:

Often in my dreams a wondrous land appears
A land with skies of blue and a red, Red Sea.
And under these skies of blue and by the red Red Sea
Is the land of my yearnings.

Oh, moon, yes, you moon beyond fences and boundaries
Why must I live with such yearnings?
Bitter are my sorrows, my longing
Sears my joys.
There's one riddle I cannot solve—
Why must a cat lead
A dog's life?
What should I do if I'm a
Gray cat
And I'm weary of living like a dog?

The medieval Spanish poet Yehuda HaLevi, expressed his longing for Jerusalem in these words:

My heart is in the East and I
at the rim of the West
How can I taste what I eat
much less savor it
How can I fulfill my vows and oaths
while Zion is in Edom's bounds
and I in Arab bonds?
How easy it would be to leave
all the comforts of Spain
To see the precious dust
of the destroyed Sanctuary.

The Jews deported into Babylonian captivity, recorded for all time this pledge, which we now repeat.

Recite together:

Eem esh-ka-chaych Yeroo-sha-la-yeem, tish-kach ye-mee-nee. Tid-bak le-sho-nee le-chee-kee, eem lo ez-ke-ray-chee. Eem lo a-a-leh et Yeroo-sha-la-yeem al rosh simcha-tee.

If I forget thee, Jerusalem,
May my right hand wither into uselessness
May my tongue adhere to my palate and be silenced
If I do not remember thee
If I do not elevate Jerusalem
As the cornerstone of my happiness.

Say or sing:

Le-shana ha-ba'a be-yeroo-sha-la-yeem!

NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM AT PEACE!

SHULCHAN ORAYCH—Eat, eat!

Bring on the traditional Pesach dishes. Eat, drink and rejoice in our Festival of Liberation!

TZAFOON: REDEMPTION OF THE AFIKOMON

The afeekomon, which the person conducting the Seder hid and which was most likely liberated by a member of the younger generation, has to be returned and eaten by all present, in order for the meal to be properly concluded. Whoever produces the afeekomon can ask for a reasonable promise of reward for its return (we stress the word "reasonable!").

After negotiations are over and the afeekomon produced, the person(s) conducting the Seder break(s) it into small enough pieces so that everyone has some to eat (traditionally, the size of a small olive).

We ate the afikomon to remind us that although some Jews may have broken away from our community, they can be found and rejoin us, and that what has been separated from us is not really lost, as long as our children search for it.*

Sheer Ha-ma'alot (A Song of Exultation) is followed by the Grace After Meals.

A song of exultation:

When God returns the exiles of Zion
it will be like a dream.
Laughter will fill our mouths
and joy command our tongues....
When God returns the exiles
they will be like waters rushing into the
parched wadis of the Negev.
Those who sow in tears will reap in joy.
The sower who trudges, weeping,
will joyfully harvest sheaves of grain.

BA-RAYCH: GRACE AFTER MEALS

One person says: Cha-vay-rai ne-va-raych.
Friends, let us say Grace.

All reply: Ye-hee shaym adonai me-vo-rach may-a-ta ve-ad olam.
Let God's name be blessed for eternity.

One person says: Ye-hee shaym adonai me-vo-rach may-a-ta ve-ad olam.
Bir-shoot ha-cha-vay-reem ve-ha-cha-vayrote ve-va-raych ehlohay-noo sheh-a-chal-noo mee-sheh-lo.
May God's name be blessed for all eternity.
With the permission of all those present here,
Let us bless God for having eat of the fruits of Creation.

All reply: Baruch eh-lo-hay-noo sheh-a-chal-noo mee-sheh-lo oov-too-vo cha-yee-noo.
Baruch hoo oo-va-ruch she-mo.
Blessed be God for giving us to eat the fruits of Creation. Blessed be God and God's Name.

All sing together or recite:

Baruch ata adonai, eh-lo-hay-noo meh-lech ha-olam, ha-zan et ha-olam koolo be-too-vo, be-chayn, be-cheh-sed, uvra-cha-meem. Hoo no-tayn leh-chem le-chawl ba-sar, kee le-olam has-do. Oovtoo-vo haga-dole, ta-meed lo chasar la-noo, ve-al yech-sar la-noo, mazone le-olam va-ed. Ba-avoor she-mo hagadole, kee hoo zan oom-far-nayss la-kole. Oo-may-teev la-kole, oo-may-cheen mazone, le-chawl bree-yo-tav asher ba-ra. Baruch ata adonai, hazan et ha-kole.

HA-LAYL: SING PRAISE TO GOD

The next 4 poems/songs of praise constitute the concluding part of the Seder:

When Israel came out of Egypt
The sea retreated and the River Jordan fled.
The mountains danced like sheep, the hills skipped like lambs.
Sea, why do you retreat, river why do you flee?
Mountains, why do you dance?
Because of the Presence of the God of Israel.
The God who turns stone into water,
rock into well-spring.

ADEER HOO

Adeer hoo, adeer hoo. Yivneh bay-to be-karove. Bim-hay-ra, bim-hay-ra, be-ya-maynoo be-ka-rove. Ayl Be-nay, ayl be-nay, be-nay bayt-cha be-ka-rove.
Bachur hoo, gadol hoo, dagool hoo. Yivneh....
Hadoor hoo, vateek hoo, za-kai hoo, chaseed hoo. Yivneh....
Tahor hoo, yacheed hoo, ka-beer hoo, la-mood hoo. Yivneh....
Melech hoo, no-ra hoo, sageev hoo. Yivneh....
Eezooz hoo, podeh hoo, tzadeek hoo. Yivneh....
Kadosh hoo, rachoom hoo, shadai hoo, takeef hoo. Yiveh....

WHO KNOWS ONE...?

Who knows one? I know One. One is God the Creator, of earth and the heavens.

Who knows two? I know two. Two the Sinai tablets. One is God the Creator, of earth and the Heavens.

Who knows three? I know three. Three our nation's forefathers. Two...

Who knows four? I know four. Four our nation's foremothers. Three...

Who knows Five? I know five. Five Books of the Torah. Four...

Who knows Six? I know six. Six the Mishna's Tractates. Five...

Who knows Seven? I know seven. Seven days a week. Six...

Who knows Eight? I know eight. Eight days to a bris. Seven...

Who knows Nine? I know nine. Nine months to a birth. Eight...

Who knows Ten? I know of ten. Ten are the Commandments. Nine...

Who knows Eleven? I know eleven. Eleven Joseph's dream-stars. Ten...

Who knows Twelve? I know twelve. Twelve the tribes of Israel. Eleven...

Who knows Thirteen? I know thirteen. Thirteen in Rambam's Credo. Twelve...

CHAD GAD-YA: ONE GOATLING

Chad gad-ya, chad-gad-ya. De-za-bina-ba
bit-ray zoo-zay. Chad gad-ya, chad-gad-ya.

Or sing in English to the "Chad Gad-ya" tune:

Chad Gad-ya, just one one kid.
That Daddy bought me with two zoo-zeem.
Chad gad-ya, chad gad-ya.

Then came the cat who gobbled up the kidling that daddy bought me with two zoo-zeem....

Then came the dog who bit the hungry feline who ate the little kid, that daddy bought me with two zoo-zeem....

Then came the stick that struck the biting dog who bit the hungry cat, who ate the little kid....

Then came the fire that burned the striking stick that hit the biting dog, who bit the hungry cat....

Then came the water that doused the burning fire that burned the hitting stick, that beat the biting dog....

Then came the cattle who drank the dousing water that put out the burning fire, that burned the hitting stick....

Then came the shochet who killed the thirsty cattle who drank the quenching water, that doused the burning fire....

The Angel of Death came and killed off the shochet who slaughtered the thirsty cow, who drank the quenching water....

The Holy One then slew the Angel of Death who killed off the shochet, who slaughtered the thirsty cow....

Chad gad-ya, Chad gad-ya.

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*This ceremony evolved over the past decade, from its first version in 1971. In the course of this process, a few passages have been adapted from other alternative seders. The asterisks indicate where this was done, as well as call attention to other sources, both listed below.
(Page 10)—This poem preceding candle-lighting has appeared in many feminist seders. To the best of my knowledge, it was originated in the *Berkeley Pesach Haggadah: A Statement of Joyous Liberation Women's Seder* by Fayla Schwartz et. al. Berkeley, 1973.
(Page 11)—Adapted, revised and expanded from original version written for the *Jewish Liberation Hagada* by Itzhak Epstein and others in 1971.
(Pages 13 and 14)—The *midrashim* on the midwives are retold by Louis Ginsburg (translated by Henrietta Szold) in *The Legends of the Jews*, vol. II, pages 250-253.
(Page 16)—Adapted, with slight changes, from Avrom Reisen's *"Zog Maran."*
(Page 22)—This passage is adapted from the hagada of B'CAS, the Boston Committee to Challenge Antisemitism (ca. 1979).

Hagada borders pp. 9-24 and seder plate p. 9 by Saul Raskin reprinted from his *Hagada for Passover*, with the kind permission of Eugene Raskin. © 1968 Eugene Raskin.

Reviews

His Daughter's Dissection of a Counterculture Guru

O MY AMERICA! by Johanna Kaplan. New York: Avon paperback, 1981, $3.50.

Johanna Kaplan's novel *O My America!* captures the exhilarating spirit of the New York Jewish world of the last five decades. Cast as a biography of an American Jewish hero, Ezra Slavin, the book goes beyond the constraints of the family novel to portray the inner values of a wide variety of Jews.

The story traces the career of Ez Slavin—anarchist, writer, teacher, and rebel, a second-generation Jew who rises to national fame from the poverty of the Lower East Side. While the novel's story line appears to be yet another version of the American Jewish success story—Slavin as a David Levinsky who retails ideas—Kaplan transcends the framework she sets for herself.

Like Levinsky, Slavin spends the resources of his heritage to prove himself the self-made man. "Hellbent on winning a private, impossible sweepstake, a prize you could never touch, he had put all his money on an idea of America he had just gone ahead and made up. It was what he had lived for: a horse with such long odds it would never come in." At least, this is how Merry Slavin, the one child of many whom Slavin really acknowledges as his own, sees her father.

Slavin feeds his passion for his America through the women he marries, loves, and leaves behind. Thus, while the novel's hero is a man, in many ways this is a book about women.

The voices of Slavin's wives, lovers and daughters dominate the book's episodic scenes. Kaplan etches extraordinary portraits for us, ranging from Ffrenchy, the Jewish flower-child of the 70's and Slavin's illegitimate daughter, to Isobel, Slavin's second wife, a Protestant writer from Wisconsin.

Unlike Slavin, the women do not pursue an impossible vision of self-generation, but struggle to carve out a piece of private space where they can learn to know themselves. Slavin becomes the prism of their struggle; his inadequacies reveal their self-worth.

O My America! is a marvelous book, a wonderful, wordy exploration of the Jews' American dream, full of tender humor and subtle insight.

—**Deborah Dash Moore**

Deborah Dash Moore, a historian at Vassar College and fellow at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, is the author of At Home in America: Second Generation Jews in New York.

A Cardboard "Wall"

The CBS-TV production of *The Wall*, based loosely on John Hersey's magnificent novel about the Warsaw Ghetto and aired in February, demonstrates once again that the American mass media are unequal to the monumental task of portraying the Holocaust in fictional terms.

The Wall teleplay, written by Millard Lampell, captures a great deal of the horror of the German reign of terror—the round-ups, the deportations, the mass shootings, the desperate escapes. The major historical flaw is the omission of political organization from the Ghetto and the Uprising.

Dramatically, the teleplay fails because all the principals are cardboard characters with no personalities, growth or development.

To its credit, *The Wall* is not sexist. In fact, one of the two major characters is a woman, Rachel, and many of the fighters are also women. Unfortunately, Rachel, a highly complex person in the book, is drained of all her unique ambivalences, insecurities, flaws and idiosyncracies and left with a kind of uncompromising virtue as her entire personality.

Finally, there is precious little Jewish content in the teleplay—a few sentences and sequences crop up here and there. But Hersey's theme of how very different Jews gradually came to grips with what it meant to be Jewish in Warsaw between 1939 and 1943—and their struggles with this issue was the most exciting thing about the book—has been lost.

—**Hasya Hatulit**

A remarkable woman shows how faith can change your life—a perfect Passover gift

Rebbetzin Esther Jungreis is the most charismatic Jewish woman in America today—and now she has written a book that shows how timeless Biblical teachings can resolve your everyday problems and enrich your life.

"*The Jewish Soul on Fire* is testimony to a faith that has never wavered and a justification that has its roots in survival of the Holocaust."
—*Publishers Weekly*

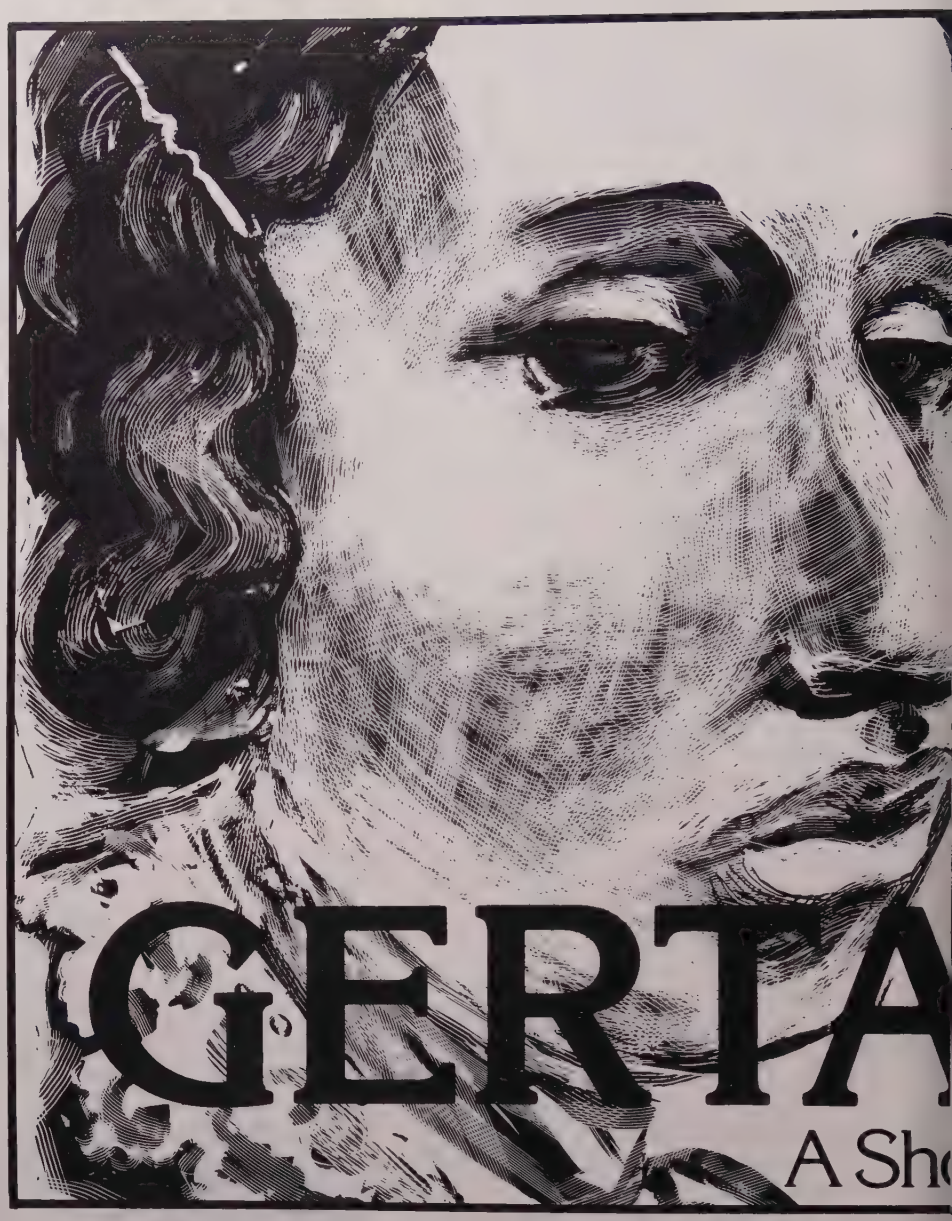
"An extraordinary book, a great human document."—Norman Vincent Peale

THE JEWISH SOUL ON FIRE

ESTHER JUNGREIS

William Morrow
105 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

By Maxine Schur



"Gerta, get me more potatoes. I'm still hungry." Gerta smiled at her younger brother, Helmut, and like a child, clutched her apron in small fistfulls of shyness.

"More potatoes, Gerta...from the pan ...yes?"

Gerta, still smiling, moved across the dining room toward the kitchen, her hunchback slowly heaving up and down as she walked. Helmut leaned back from the table and as he dabbed the white serviette on his lips, he watched her walk away. As a child, Helmut had imagined in Gerta's hunchback all sorts of nightmarish possibilities...a misplaced pregnancy, a dromedary with a human face, even a thief concealing stolen goods on his back. Now, a middle-aged man, Helmut still couldn't help see his misshapen and feeble-minded sister as something other than a natural being. He sighed loudly and folded his serviette into a neat square.

His older sister, Helga, was still eating. Helga's ample bosom hovered over the diminishing plate of pot roast. She had been silent throughout dinner except for the occasional belch followed by a self-administered chest thump. Now, at last, Helga spoke. "Helmut! What are you thinking when you stare at Gerta like that?"

"I...I don't know, but I think our little sister, Gerta, poor creature, is getting worse lately."

"Ach!"

"No, it's true. It seems she does things slower every day...perhaps she's worried about something?"

"You're dreaming! What could Gerta possibly have to worry about! She knows five or six chores and beyond that, what does she know and what does she care? The lucky thing. Ignorance is bliss!" Helga blissfully forklifted the last load of food into her mouth and sat chewing.

"Yes, she's incapable of any sort of contemplation, yet I still believe that in an animal sort of way, she is affected by things."

"And what kind of things is Gerta so affected by, Helmut? Certainly not the inflation!"

"No, not directly...but perhaps political things. Just the other day Cousin Zolly was telling me he was leading Gerta home through Shtrunkenstrasse on Wednesday. Hitler was there and the crowd like always lately was enormous. Flags, loudspeakers, kettledrums, shouting. Gerta just could not stand it. Zolly said she screamed like an infant and he had to actually drag her home. Gerta was too fearful to move."

"Shhh! Helmut!"

Gerta entered with the pan and slowly scraped out the last two crusty spoonfuls of potatoes for her brother and then she returned to the kitchen.

"So? This is new? She's always been afraid of loud noises. She's very sensitive to it. Over-sensitive. When Mama and Papa were alive they kept her away from such commotion. Zolly was a fool to have taken her out at all. For what does she need sightseeing? Since September with the Nazis running the show, there's more noise than ever. I, myself, have thought lately the streets of Berlin are like some Rumanian carnival. Anyway, we'll get gray before Gerta. It's ridiculous to even talk about her. It spoils my appetite." Helmut said nothing. He felt, as usual, completely helpless in the face of Helga's matter-of-fact answers.

"What do you want to talk about then?"

"I want to talk about me." Helga said, and then after a pre-meditated pause, "I'm going away."

A silence heavier than their conversation fell over the dining room. "So?" Helga demanded at last, "Aren't you going to talk? Aren't you going to ask even 'where'?"

"Where," said Helmut.

"Since you insist on knowing, I'm going to America...with Siegbert. His brother there thinks he can get him a good office job in Minneapolis. Siegbert wants me to go with him. So, I am...Friday, the eleventh of August."

Helmut felt emotions swell inside him. The sort of emotions that were definitely not good for his heart. "I must stay calm," he thought, "or she'll smother me for sure." He took off his glasses and laid them on the table, where they faced Helga straight on.

Maxine Schur runs a professional writing service in Mountain View, California. She is the author of three picture books, and her Jewish historical novel won her the 1981 Work-in-Progress Grant from the Society of Children's Book Writers. Her short stories for adults have appeared in *Landfall* and *The Jewish Exponent*.

Paula Goodman

"Very convenient for you to run off, Helga, very convenient. Very thoughtful to leave us to the whims of the National Socialists and escape. No doubt you've been plotting this since September? Well, what am I going to do alone with Gerta in these times? What in God's name?"

Helmut snatched his folded serviette and wiped his forehead and the back of his neck. This was preposterous! Too much for him to bear. What did she worry for him or for Gerta?

"Of course, go to Minneapolis with your gigolo but what sort of money will you use, please tell me?"

"My money, the money from Mama and Papa. Half of that is mine."

"Half yes, you have half the money but also half the responsibility for Gerta, or perhaps you've already forgotten your promise to Mama?"

"I'm going, Helmut. Gerta will be fine without me, probably happier in fact. I've never understood her and she understands nothing."

Helmut felt his anger strangling him. He could no longer talk nor even look at Helga. He hated her, all of her, plumped in that chair, breathing hard, ventillating like some human barrel organ.

When Helmut could speak again, his voice came out all wrong. He sounded like a fearful patient.

"And you think this move is good for Gerta?" he croaked. "Or could it just be you never gave her a thought at all? That's it, isn't it? You've always looked out for your own behind and the hell with everyone else. When you sit in a hot bath, you think the whole of Berlin is warmed! But this time, you've gone too far. You're not sticking me with all the responsibility for Gerta. If this Siegbert is so fine, let him pay for himself and you take Gerta. Yes, if he's such a mensch, let him pay for himself, the loafer! the leech! the cockroach!"

"You leave off talking about Siegbert!" Helga suddenly screamed. "You have a nerve to speak about him that way! Siegbert is misunderstood by mice like you. He just needs money right now, is that so terrible? He's had some big deals going and some didn't do too well, that's all. So, I invested money in Siegbert, what's it to you? It's my money, not yours and not Gerta's!"

"Invested money in Siegbert...such a Mr. Big Shot!"

"What do you know? He *is* a big shot. He owns land in Bavaria somewhere!"

"The hell with his land! The goat has a beard too, does that make him a rabbi? This Siegbert is a gigolo, a liar, a pimp, a..."

Helmut stopped. Suddenly a wail was heard, a hellish primitive scream like the cry of a wounded animal. A cry so unnerving it made both of Helga's chins tremble.

"See! See now what you've done!" she hissed. "All your noise has upset Gerta!"

The two sat quietly like guilty schoolchildren for several minutes. Gerta's wails swept through the house like winter wind. There was a terrible eerie aspect to the cries, as if they were neither from this world nor from this time. As if they got their strength from another, more powerful place.

At last the wails changed rhythm, becoming long broken sobs then short hiccup gasps.

Long after Helga and Helmut left the dining room, Gerta was still crouched beside the pantry sideboard, her apron pulled over her head. She had stopped crying and the familiar peace of her soul was returning. After awhile, she pulled the apron off her head and moved quietly towards the kitchen door. She waited until she heard her brother and sister close their bedroom doors, then she stood up and made her way through the kitchen to the long downstairs hall. The hall was black. Neither Helga nor Helmut had remembered to leave the light on and so now Gerta had to feel her way along the walls of the passage, groping her way slowly to the end.

In her bedroom, she pulled the long center cord of the ceiling light and closed the window. Gerta's bedroom window faced the street. She could hear the clacking sound of people's shoes on the pavement. Helmut was always opening Gerta's window to air out the room, but whenever she noticed it open, she closed it. The noise of footsteps outside made her anxious. They were too loud. People walked too loud. Gerta hated loud noises. Loud noises were not funny.

Gerta sat in front of the beveled vanity mirror and unpinned her brown hair. She grinned at the reflection in the mirror and flirted with it, first smiling and then showing her teeth, small and white. She made her mouth into a wide rubbery yawn and then suddenly threw her long hair over her face and from this fur mask, peeked at the child-woman in the mirror.

Gerta took from her dresser a worn leather box, brown and shaped like a sea shell. She turned the tiny brass key on the side and the nursery song, "Kleine Nacht" played. Cradling the box gently in her hands, she sat on her bed and listened to the tinkly soft music. Gerta listened for a long time, for even before the song fully stopped, she turned the key to play it again. Again and again and again. At last she fell asleep and the music box lay silent in her hand. Like so many times before, Gerta had neglected to get into her nightgown. Now she was slumped on top of the eiderdown fully dressed. The music box slipped from her hand and fell to the floor where it began to play very slowly. The night was warm and moonlit. Outside the window came the far away sound of boots beating the sidewalk in swift measured rhythm.

Fights went on every night now and Helmut no longer tried to restrain himself. The very thought of being left, stuck with Gerta, filled him with a fresh wave of terror. Each night now he tried to convince Helga to stay. Helga, though, was stubborn as an ox and yelled insults so loudly that Gerta no longer came out of her room at suppertime, and they were forced to serve themselves.

Then one day, a month before Helga was to leave, Helmut came home from the office with something important to tell her. The unusual heat of that Berlin summer permeated the apartment like a disease, wilting the flowers, softening the Sabbath candles, and making even the metal on the cold water taps fever-hot to touch.

When Helmut opened the door, he saw Helga seated at the dining table, painting her nails. For a moment Helmut was stunned by a vision of Helga melting, but

on coming closer, he saw she was just perspiring. He figured he had better speak before supper. Helga's fortitude was not only greater than his but it was also enlarged by food.

"Helga, you'll be happy to know that I, too, have travel plans. Not as grand as yours, perhaps, but you might like to hear them." Without looking up from her nails, Helga said, "What are you getting at?"

"I'm leaving for Czechoslovakia on the eighteenth, isn't that nice?"

"You're crazy."

"Not at all. Shiffler has finalized the move today. He feels as I do that it might be good to be out of the country until this whole Hitler charade falls apart, and that can't be too long now. I'll be in the Prague office no less. Shiffler got the visa and arranged all the paperwork too. I'm a lucky man."

"You're a fool. What's going to happen to this place and to Gerta? Mama and Papa made me promise never to put her in an institution and I can't take her. She's a liability...they don't need any more half-wits in America."

Helmut looked at Helga as she spoke. Drops of sweat rolled down the sides of her cheeks like crocodile tears.

"Gerta will continue to live here," he said.

"By herself?"

"No, not entirely. I have already talked to the landlady—to Frau Lansmueller. She will look in and help with the shopping, laundry, and cooking. I will pay her in advance for her help before I go. And, of course, Cousin Zolly will be around now and then to bring food and take Gerta on walks. Gerta will be fine and as long as the apartment is lived in, there's less likelihood of any harm being done to it in our absence. Remember, it's not Gerta or her type that the Nazis are concerned about. It's us, Helga, because our thoughts can undo them!"

"So how long do you intend to stay in Prague?" Helga asked, suddenly feeling very tired.

"We'll see, Helga."

After Helga and Helmut had left, Gerta's days were filled with a timeless contentment. Days went by and she talked only to herself or to Mama and Papa... talked and giggled in a voice so soft as if whispering secrets to mice.

Every few days Frau Lansmueller let herself in with a key and spoke to her about the importance of wearing stockings and the importance of not burning herself on the gas stove. Frau Lansmueller came from some village near Munich and when she went on like that it was hard to tell whether she was talking or yodeling. Gerta hated talk, it was always too loud and too hard to follow so she hummed a lullaby silently inside her head and smiled as Frau Lansmueller spoke. She smiled because Frau Lansmueller's glasses were so thick and it was funny how they made her blue eyes look like big, big cornflowers!

"Only when she felt a firm grasp on her shoulder did she understand the noise was her own screaming. She opened her eyes to a tall man in uniform standing over her."

In caring for the house, Gerta carried on pretty much as before. In the mornings she swept and dusted. In the afternoons, she warmed the food Frau Lansmueller left for her. It had always been Gerta's job to set the dark mahogany dining table and she continued this setting still for three rather than one. It was not that the unused empty plates held a promise of return. It was that she liked the way they looked. After a while, she lugged up a small sack of potatoes from the cellar and placed it in Helga's chair and built a pillar of books in Helmut's. Then, whenever she passed the table, she smiled.

In the late afternoons, Gerta spent much of her time sitting on the back pantry steps which overlooked a small garden. Here she listened to the apple tree and basked in all its sounds. The low pitched creaking of its branches, the occasional snapping of twigs, the soft damp thuds of falling fruit and the frenetic clicking of insects within its bark.

Gerta sat, finger in mouth, listening hard to the whole symphony and felt a great deep peace.

When the autumn rains started, Gerta stayed in her room and played the music box, often forgetting completely to get dressed or even to eat.

One morning, while Gerta was in the dining room, dusting Helga's porcelain clowns, there came a pounding at the door. Gerta crouched behind the bookcase. The pounding got louder and louder. Whoever it is should go away. People shouldn't bang. She hated banging. It was not funny.

Gerta stuffed her fingers in her ears and shut her eyes so tightly she saw yellow designs swirling in her head. The noise was getting louder and louder and louder and it was only when she felt a firm grasp on her shoulder did she understand the noise was her own screaming. She opened her eyes and looked up to a tall man in uniform, standing over her and talking.

The eggman! Gerta smiled up at him and twisted her hands round and round as if wringing out some invisible sock. The eggman was older than she, and older than the one who did the deliveries last season. The shirt of his uniform was strained in all directions by his excess weight. At the stomach, buttons and holes played out a violent tug-of-war. When he took off his hat, Gerta giggled at the eggman's bald head, which was sunburnt brown and freckled like a hen's egg.

Gerta went on giggling and clutching her apron and the eggman stopped talking and looked at her. He took her hand and held it just like Papa used to. Only Papa's hands were dry and firm and the eggman's were damp and knuckly. Still, it was a long time since Gerta felt the sweetness of a small hand inside a larger one and it made her feel giddy and unafraid.

He led her slowly through the apartment, to the back pantry door and then through all the rooms. Round and round they quietly went and when he led her into Helmut's bedroom and turned the bronze key, he was very nice, very careful to remove the crocheted spread first and placed his boots on the blue flowered rug. Soundlessly.

The eggman came to the apartment again, and after that again and again. Summer leaves had once more formed and still Gerta had received no letter from Helmut and only a little money from Helga. Frau Lansmueller collected all the mail in the morning and told Gerta there had been no word from anyone. Cousin Zolly came a few times but his voice made Gerta uneasy and then he, too, stayed away. It was simply as if he had disappeared. Frau Lansmueller laughed that surely Germany was a magical place the way people could disappear just like that.

By the following fall, Gerta was spending almost all her time on the back pantry steps. The apple tree had only a few token leaves left and the oversize fruit lay sticky-dry and wasted on the cement. The wind was already chilled with the coming season and as it blew through the dry branches, it left a sound like the cold chatter of teeth.

Day after day, Gerta sat listening, finger in mouth, still as an eavesdropper. She seemed to live only for the soft sounds of things now and only sometimes when she woke at night and heard the high trills of the crickets, like short shrill police whistles, did she feel loneliness.

Then one morning early in November, Gerta was wakened by shouting at the back pantry door. She sat up in bed, paralyzed with fear, screaming and sobbing.

When she calmed down, the banging was all gone and the eggman stood there in front of her and there was another one... two eggmen stood there talking. Frau Lansmueller was there, too, talking. In whispers and shouts, in whispers and shouts about her!

The eggman took her hand and led her to the front door. His grip was tight and she cried out. The other, "new" eggman swore at her and then in one clear swift moment Gerta knew he wasn't an eggman! He was one of the noisy ones, the ones she saw with Cousin Zolly...when was that? Yes, and her eggman was a noisy one too. And he was in the street with her now. She didn't have her coat but it was her music box she wanted to go back for, but the eggman suddenly yanked her and his voice smelled of anger.

The morning was cold and clear. The station was not far but getting there was slow. There were so many people on the streets that morning all going to the same place. At the station, men and women stood grey-faced and ragged next to their grey and ragged baggage. Children screamed from the noise and the cold, making clouds of fog with their still warm breath. People were walking in crushing lines, some pulling baby buggies full of things, a few others pushing wheelbarrows which they were soon forced to abandon. Most people had no more than a small box or canvas sack.

At the station, beyond the platform, Gerta could hear hundreds more approaching. They made a somber shuffling sound as they walked, the old ones trying hard to keep up with the young ones, the youngest ones whimpering and stumbling to keep pace with their elders. A freight train roared in front of the platform and groups of people were herded through the cattle car doors, which opened wide and black as hell and then clanged shut with coffin-cover finality.

Gerta heard all this and heard the screams of the soldiers and the sharp whizz of truncheons in the still air and she let out a howl that carried to the end of the platform and beyond. She was given a slap and her name found out and written in a column.

Even when they strapped her hands together she could not stop screaming. She screamed and screamed like one possessed. She screamed in fear of that sound. That sound she heard like no other sound before. It was not the noise of the soldiers' boots scraping the concrete, nor the sound of their pistols cracking the air. It was not the weeping and shrieking of the people on the platform nor was it the low rumble of the newly approaching train. It was a sound beside and beyond all these noises. A sound she must have known as a pronouncement and that froze her heart in terror. Through her screams Gerta could sense it clearly...the vast and terrible silence to come. ●

Tsena-Rena

YIVO

"Go and see" or "seek enlightenment" is the title of the Yiddish-language Torah for women, with the portion of the week and folk tales. Tsena-Rena was the first resource that enabled women to educate themselves.

Resources

A bibliography of audio-visual resources of interest to Jewish women is available from the American Jewish Congress. The items listed, both short and full-length films, are available from various organizations throughout the country. The topics range from a feature film about the Biblical heroine Ruth, to a short documentary on *Chen*, the Israeli Women's Army Corps. The bibliography describes the content of each film, gives a short critique and lists prices for rental or sale. To obtain your copy of the bibliography, contact:

Mr. Julius Schatz
Director, Commission on Jewish Affairs
American Jewish Congress
15 East 84th Street
New York, NY 10028

The American Jewish Committee recently released a 42-minute videotape film, "Jewish Identity and Self-Esteem: Healing Wounds Through Ethnotherapy" (a technique which probes and clarifies people's feelings about their ethno-religious background). Dr. Judith Weinstein Klein, the film's producer and a California-based ethnotherapist, has edited 40 hours of group meetings with young Jewish men and women struggling with particular identity problems. For further information on the film, contact:

Institute of Human Relations
The American Jewish Committee
165 East 56th Street
New York, NY 10022

A new publication highlighting the negative impact of the Right-to-Work laws on women workers and the struggle over the ERA is available from the Labor Committee of the National Organization for Women. The booklet stresses the importance of collective bargaining agreements and the need for unionization. Copies cost 50 cents each, with discounts available on bulk orders. Write to:

NOW Action Center
425 13th Street N.W.
Suite 1048
Washington, DC 20004

Conferences

"New Day: Beyond ERA" is the theme of a nationwide event planned for July 1, 1982, by the National Women's Conference Committee. The meeting will concentrate on building state advocacy networks to support the principles outlined in the 1977 National Plan of Action from Houston. The Committee is also planning a second National Women's Conference in 1983, to consist of four simultaneous regional meetings for the training of grassroots leaders. For further information, contact:

Ms. Sarah Harder
Schofield 225
UW-Eau Claire
Eau Claire, WI 54701
(715) 836-5717

Women in the cantorial field are invited to attend the first Women's Cantor's Convention, to be held Thursday, May 6,

1982 from 4 to 8 p.m. in Norwalk, Conn. The conference is being organized by Congregation Beth El Cantor Deborah Katchko-Zimmerman. According to Cantor Katchko-Zimmerman, "I personally think we (women *Hazzanot)* all have a lot to gain from getting together. We could talk about why we chose this beautiful art and how we made our individual decisions." Mini-workshops are being planned. For information on the convention, write or call:

Cantor Deborah Katchko-Zimmerman
Congregation Beth El
109 East Avenue
Norwalk, CN 06851
(203) 838-2710

Interested persons are invited to submit papers and proposals for inclusion in the Women and Literature Section of the Midwest Modern Language Association's 24th annual meeting to be held Nov. 4-6, 1982, in Cincinnati, Ohio. The topic for the session is "The Tie That Binds and Blinds: Literary Portraits of Sisters." Papers should examine the subject or author's treatment of the sisterly relationship—its strengths, tensions, supportiveness, competitiveness, and jealousies. The deadline for submissions is April 15, 1982. They should be sent to:

Ms. Jane S. Bakerman
Department of English
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, IN 47809

Groups and Projects

The Tel Aviv Rape Crisis Center, serving the Dan area and the entire central region of Israel, is currently seeking donations from individuals and organizations interested in assisting rape victims in Israel. The center receives some government assistance, but must rely heavily on private funding. Its staff members operate a 24-hour emergency hot-line, escort victims during police investigations, work to change societal attitudes toward rape, and provide counselling and guidance to victims and their families. There were an estimated 7,000 to 10,000 sexual assaults carried out against women in Israel during 1980. Concerned individuals should send donations to:

Rape Crisis Center
P.O.B. 33041
Tel Aviv 61330

A new Jewish Family Day Care program, which places Jewish infants and toddlers up to age three in the care of trained, licensed "providers" (mostly women remaining at home to care for their own children along with others) was launched by the 92nd Street YM-YWHA last September and is now in full swing. The program, the first of its kind in New York City, seeks to fill the previous void in Jewish day care programs for infants, and to provide youngsters with quality care in a Jewish environment. Parents and providers are "matched" according to interests, religious backgrounds and observance, neighborhood and time schedules. For further information, contact:

Arlene Bernstein or Barbara Zerzan
The 92nd Street YM-YWHA
Lexington Avenue at 92nd Street
New York, NY 10028

The Jewish Women's Caucus is an ad-hoc group formed prior to the 1977 Houston Conference in order to "serve the special interests of Jewish women in conjunction with international matters and to emphasize that Jewish women are not a single-issue group." The group has convened on several occasions, some connected with the U.N. Mid-Decade Conference on Women in Copenhagen last August 1980. (See Regina Schreiber, "Copenhagen: One Year Later," *LILITH* #8.) For further information on the Caucus and its activities, write:

Jewish Women's Caucus
3001 Veazey Terrace N.W. Apt. 1604
Washington, DC 20008
(202) 362-5294

"Eve to Erica: Jewish Women in Fact and Fiction" is the title of a course on Jewish women offered at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. The course, given by Diane S. Isaacs, explores the many images of Jewish women presented by Jewish writers. Authors from Fania Fenelon to *LILITH*'s own Aviva Cantor are covered. To obtain the course syllabus, contact:

Ms. Diane S. Isaacs
Department of Afro-American Studies
214 Social Sciences Building
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, MN 55455

—Compiled by Paula Gantz

Correction

Janet Ruth Heller's poem *"Niddah,"* published in issue #8, should have carried the following acknowledgement: "reprinted with permission from *Earth's Daughters* #10/11 (1979)."

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Kol Ishah

(Continued from p. 4)

Rabbi Sidney J. Jacobs, long-time liaison between the Southern California Jewish community and Cesar Chavez conducted the memorial service, which included tributes by those who had known Nan Freeman during her days as a UFW volunteer.

Freeman was raised in Wakefield, Massachusetts and was very active in her Temple youth group. She was a *shomeret* (observer of) *Shabbat* and *Kashrut*. As a student at New College in Sarasota, Florida, she did volunteer research work for the UFW. When the farm workers at the Talisman Sugar Company near Belle Glade went on strike and asked for help, she was one of the first students to join the picket line at the plant's gate.

That's where she was at 3 A.M. on January 25th. Loaded trucks, many driven by strike-breakers, had made a habit of speeding by the picket lines and splashing the workers with mud. Freeman and other pickets were near the highway, aiming to talk to the drivers and get them to join the strike. She was hit by a loaded truck and knocked unconscious. She was declared dead on arrival at the hospital at 4:19 A.M.

At the national UFW convention in August of 1975, Nan Freeman was officially named a "Martyr of the Farm Workers." A residence building at La Paz, California, the farm workers national headquarters, is named Nan Freeman Hall.

Cesar Chavez, founder of the UFW, called Freeman "a sister who picketed with farm workers in the middle of the night because of her love for justice." He continued: "To us, Nan Freeman is a *kadosha*, a holy person, to be honored and remembered for as long as farm workers struggle for justice.

"God has given Nan Freeman one life and now that life is ended. Think on that, all who cherish our farm workers' union: Nan Freeman, our young sister, has poured out her one life so that farm workers everywhere might be more free...."

—Rabbi Sidney J. Jacobs

Equality for Israeli Working Women?

JERUSALEM—Israel's first equal employment opportunity law, banning discrimination in hiring and job advertising on the basis of sex, marital or parental status, went into effect here January 1, 1982.

Under the new law, introduced some three years ago by Sarah Doron, a Kneset member from Begin's Likud bloc, employers found guilty of discriminatory hiring practices may be fined the equivalent of $300 or sentenced to up to six months in prison; advertisers placing discriminatory ads will be fined approximately $130.

Job discrimination began in pre-state Israel when women like this worker at Haboreg in Nachlat Yitzhak entered factories.

While the equal employment opportunity law represents significant progress toward the goal of sexual equality in the Israeli work force, it does not extend to "security related jobs." As such, it does nothing to alter the status quo in the Israeli armed forces, where men generally occupy supervisory posts while women are largely confined to the clerical sphere (see review of the film "Women in the Israeli Army," #8). In addition, according to Nitza Shapira-Libai, advisor to Prime Minister Menachem Begin on the status of women, the new law fails to deal with dismissals, promotion and retirement privileges, nor does it protect the rights of certain minority groups, including Israeli Arabs.

Among the reasons for the long delay in passage of the law is the existence of a body of Israeli protective labor legislation for women, enacted in the 1950's, which provides for unpaid maternity leaves of one year, a one-hour earlier quitting time for mothers and the nearly universal prohibition of night work for women. Such legislation, based on the notion that male and female workers require different treatment, runs contrary to the premise of equal employment opportunity and may pose a serious obstacle to the enforcement of the new law.

Love/Hate/Ambivalence

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Many Jewish women in their twenties and thirties, interested in marriage and having children, are apparently facing a shortage of marriageable Jewish men for a variety of reasons.

This was among the many issues discussed at a recent inter-havurah retreat entitled, "Why do Jewish Men and Women Love/Hate Each Other?" held at Fellowship House Farm in Pottstown, Pennsylvania December 24-27, 1981. The retreat, attended by some 90 young Jewish men and women from *havurot* on the East Coast, explored the dynamics of Jewish male-female relationships today, based on both traditional Jewish values and the vast changes in sex roles and self images brought about by the women's movement.

—R.S.F.

Obituary

Eva Schocken Glaser (January 12, 1982), age 63. Glaser was president of Schocken Books, Inc., the publishing house founded by her father in Germany in the 1930's and best known for being the first American publishers of Kafka and Agnon.

Glaser's own publishing interests were in women's studies, education, childhood development and children's books. Under her direction, Schocken expanded its list to include titles on these subjects. At the same time, the house continued its commitment to Judaica publishing.

Glaser assumed the presidency of the company in 1975, upon the death of her brother. In the 1970's she initiated Schocken's "Studies in the Life of Women" series.

Mazel Tov

Elizabeth Holtzman, former U.S. Congresswoman, elected District Attorney for Brooklyn (King's County), N.Y.

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Classified

The Generation After, an organization of children of survivors and others, has limited copies available of Dennis King's articles on Lyndon LaRouche. Write to 2747 Throop St., Bronx, NY 10469.

What is the Jewish attitude toward animals? What is Jewish law on hunting, "sports," trapping, experiments, pets? Send $2 for materials to CHAI, Jewish committee to help animals international, Box 3J, 225 W. 106 St., NYC 10025. (Please make checks out to "cash.")

Coming soon! **The total, complete handbook and survival guide for Jewish women** around the world, to be published by a major NY publisher. The book will be about women's creative solutions to problems they've faced in Jewish life: How to get an Orthodox divorce when your husband is reluctant to grant one. How to integrate your synagogue, talk back when accused of being a "Princess" or a "Jewish mother," do oral history with the women in your own family—and much, much more. In addition to the sections on how Jewish women *cope* with change and *make* change in their personal lives and their communities, the book will provide unique resource listings for Jewish women everywhere.

To have your Jewish women's group (formal or informal, consciousness-raising, study group, women's minyan, etc.) listed in The Book, or to have yourself listed as a resource person with a particular field of expertise, please send name, address and ZIP, with a brief description (type each submission on a 3x5 card if possible) to: Susan Weidman Schneider, c/o LILITH, 250 W. 57 St., NYC 10019.

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Women interested in exploring cooperative living in Israel. Apt. 909, The Terraces, Hancock St., Bangor, Maine 04401.

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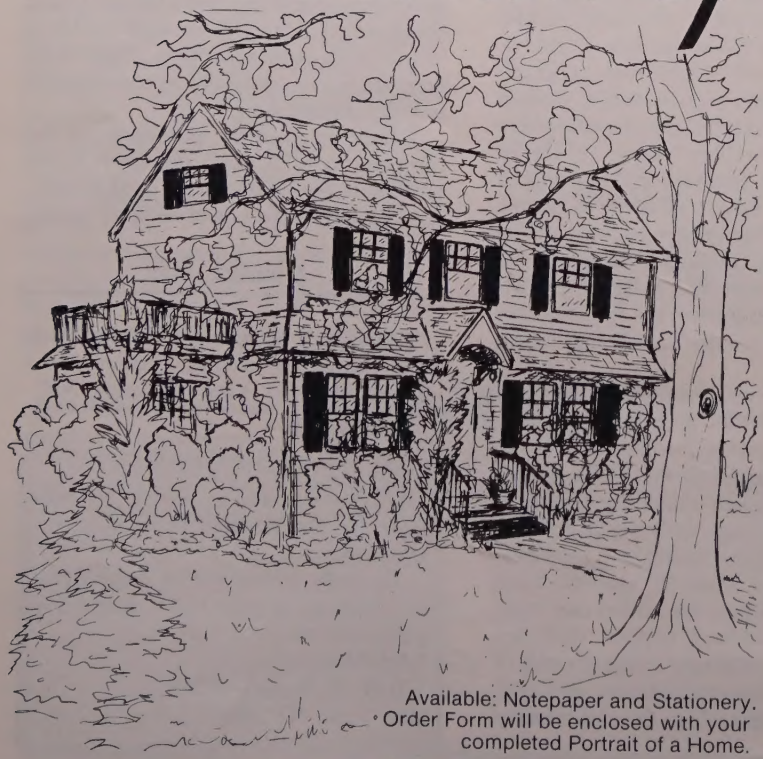

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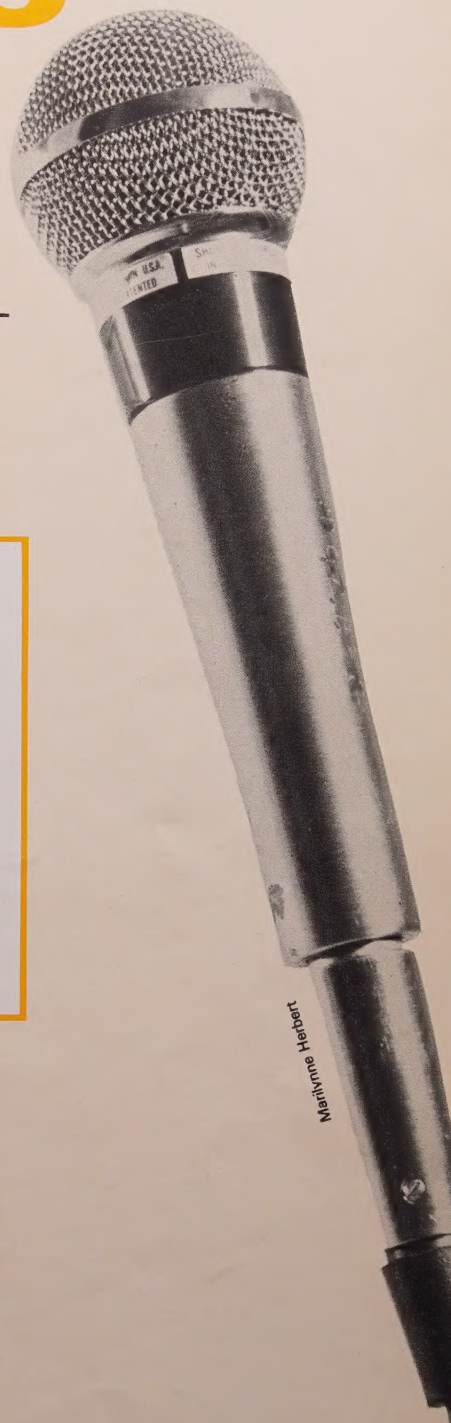

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